

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE DREAM-PATH.

Walking my dream-paved road on the
Hill of Desire

I saw beneath me the City of Quiet
Delight;

The warming rays from each home-
welcoming fire

Wove a pattern of gold on the velvet
curtain of night.

The scent from the hill's rank grass put
desire in my soul

To attain to the City below in the
Valley of Hope,

But my gray path led beyond the hori-
zon's roll,

Binding my feet in the web of a
dream-made rope.

Reluctant, I followed the path, where
I knew was Pain,

The distance glared with a furnace
glow in the sky,

And the voice of the sea and the
splashing of tropic rain

Were the hiss of the steam from un-
taught Machinery.

My dream-path led through the Fur-
nace, and Pain, and Fire—

I could not stay nor turn from the
road in flight—

But I knew it would lead me back past
the Hill of Desire

To the warm hearth-stones in the
City of Quiet Delight.

Eugene Crombie.

Killed in action, April 9, 1917.

The Poetry Review.

THE TWO STANDARDS.

Long have men heard the Voice which
calmed the sea

And known Thy power, yea some-
times caught the light

And felt ashamed, being naked in
Thy sight!

Even some have left their nets to follow
Thee,

Choosing the Cross; to find Geth-
semane

The glory of Thy peace—the deeper
night

Of the soul's way to more abounding
light!

But these are few—scorning Thy
mystery

Men of today prefer Philanthropy
And "social reconstruction" and the
rest.

Holding the Kingdom of this world is
best—

Better than Heaven or Hell. They
would appraise

Culture above atonement: such do
raise

Berlin above the Hill of Calvary!

Leo Ward.

The New Witness.

I STOOD AGAINST THE WINDOW.

I stood against the window
And looked between the bars,
And there were strings of fairies
Hanging from the stars;
Everywhere and everywhere
In shining swinging chains,
Like rainbows spun from moonlight
And twisted into skeins.

They kept on swinging, swinging,
They flung themselves so high
They caught upon the pointed moon
And hung across the sky;
And when I woke next morning
There still were crowds and crowds
In beautiful bright bunches
All sleeping on the clouds.
Punch.

THE WIND ON THE HEATH.

The wind blows cold today, my lass,
And a few small drops of rain;
Then take your cloak around you, lass,
We're off on the road again.

We two have tramped for many a mile,
Through wintry rain and weather;
But if there's a road to be traveled yet,
We'll travel it together.

We've rested by the hard roadside,
Two hearts with one desire;
And Love and the Road are enough for
both,
By the side of our own camp fire.

H. L. Field.

THE SUBMARINE WAR.

The submarine campaign is proving the latest, though it may not prove the last, of the many miscalculations of the Germans—proud in pre-war days of nothing more than the perfection of their naval and military staff-work, the industry of their secret and other agents abroad in collecting information as bases of action, and the care exhibited in weighing the chances of success of every venture, the most thorough exploration of the foundations of future policy being undertaken.

What a record of folly and failure confronts the ambitious, boastful, overbearing Germans, who were convinced three years ago that they were supermen, rightful heirs to the legacies of past centuries.* First, the faithlessness of the Belgians to their Sovereign and country was airily assumed; then it was thought that the British Government, terrorized by the size and efficiency of the German Navy,† would hesitate to intervene, it being concluded that the tearing up of "the scrap of paper" would be met only with a formal protest; later on, it was

*"The modern world owes to us Germans pretty well everything in the way of great achievements that it has to show. . . . We are undoubtedly the best warrior people in the world. . . . We are the most accomplished people in all domains of science and fine art. . . . Ours is the future, for we are the young."—(Bley, "Weltstellung des Deutschthums.")

†The naval debates in Parliament from 1909 onwards, when the growing menace of German sea-power was emphasized by speakers of all parties and it was suggested that the British Fleet might not be able to hold its own against the Navy of Germany, led the Kaiser and his Ministers to believe in 1914 that they had attained the end fore-shadowed in the Memorandum of the Navy Act of 1900. It was therein declared: "Germany must have a battle fleet so strong that even for the adversary with the greatest sea-power a war against it would involve such dangers as to imperil his position in the world." Official Germany was convinced in August, 1914, that the German Fleet's threat would keep Britain from intervening in a European struggle, and after France had been crushed and peace enforced on Russia, German naval expansion was to continue until the time was ripe for realizing the Kaiser's ambition—"the trident must be in our hands."

confidently declared that, in any event, France would be trampled under foot—a matter of six weeks only—before the "contemptible" British Army or the British Fleet could affect the issue of the war, and that the way would thus be cleared for a favorable peace with the Russians as a preliminary to the settling of accounts with the British people and the dismemberment of the Empire; it was believed to the last moment that German threats would check Italy's determination to join in the struggle; Roumania was afterwards to be bought off with gold and promises; an intrigue of vast proportions was subsequently engineered in the hope of divorcing Russia from her Allies; threats of outrage and the fostering of revolution in Mexico were to keep the United States out of the European struggle, Japan at length being put forward, without her consent, as Mexico's ally in war against America. That is a brief catalogue of the miscalculations of Germany's Ministers, diplomatists, soldiers, and sailors, who plumed themselves on their skill in statecraft as a complementary agent to militarism and navalism, the instruments of an absolute monarchy.

To this record of failure, piracy, and all the hopes that resided in it, must be added. It was to be a short and decisive campaign, like the campaign planned on land in 1914. This country's sea communications were to be severed by what the Kaiser would describe as "a hammer blow"; the British armies on the various fronts, short of supplies, were to be demobilized by hunger and want of water-borne munitions; the civil population of these islands, depending on ships for four out of every five loaves, was to be brought to the verge of starva-

tion; and in two or three months—at the latest at the beginning of May last—Germany was to receive a request from this side of the North Sea to make peace on her terms; the other Allies were thus to be left without moral, financial, and material support, and the whole Entente was to collapse, Germany remaining triumphant over her defeated and exhausted neighbors and free to prepare to punish the United States for supplying the Allies with money and munitions. That faded dream explains why Germany has been manoeuvring for peace. The Germans, thrown back on the defensive on land, and desperate, gambled on the submarine. Though piracy continues, they know they have lost.

This is a war of transport. Our problem is maritime in its character, the submarine having come on the scene to our discomfiture, and that of the enemy is confined to the land, for he has abandoned without a struggle the effort to use the seas for military and economic purposes. The Allies cannot at present seriously interfere with his railway communications, for he is as much besieged by his own armies as by those of the Allies; but that does not mean that he has no transport troubles. On the contrary, his difficulties are increasing rapidly owing to the length of the war, the wearing out of his rolling stock, and the wide dispersion of his armies, which has been forced upon him by the course which the operations have taken on the Western and Eastern fronts. The Central Powers are defending two extended lines which stretch from the Gulf of Riga through Austria, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey almost to the Persian Gulf on the one hand, and from Zeebrugge through Belgium, Northern France, and Austria-Hungary to the Adriatic on the other hand. The depletion of

enemy man-power and the concentration of industry on the manufacture of munitions has weakened the railway systems on which the Central armies depend. The tracks have been submitted to a strain which they were never intended to bear, and the rolling stock is developing defects which cannot be remedied so long as the war continues. Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria have over 71,000 miles of railways, apart from thousands of miles of inland water communications. Some of the railways and canals are of minor importance so far as the war is concerned, but when all deductions have been made it must be apparent that the maintenance of the communications essential to the armies as well as to the civil populations has imposed upon the respective Governments a heavy burden. We can obtain some conception of the extent of the weakening of these arteries from the experience of France. It is common knowledge that we have not only lent our Ally thousands of railway workers and an immense amount of rolling stock, but, under the pressure of events, railways in Canada and elsewhere have been taken up and relaid across the Channel. If that has been the experience of France, we can form some impression of the difficulties which the Germans have encountered in their efforts to preserve in efficiency their lines of communication, north and south, east and west, during these later months; they have been suffering from a wastage of man-power and have sustained heavy losses of naval and military material, throwing upon the iron and steel industries a tremendous pressure in the effort to maintain the equipment of four armies and two navies, all in various degrees dependent upon German brain and muscle and German material. For a year past it is known that this problem has been

assuming increasingly threatening proportions, and, in studying this war of transport, it is impossible to ignore these factors, even though it must be admitted that at present the Allies, except by means of aerial operations, have been able to contribute little to the discomfiture of the enemy in this respect.

When the full record of the war is available it may be found that it was Germany's difficulties in transport which first suggested to her the recourse to intensified submarine warfare. She was conscious of the wearing down of her own communications, and possibly that prompted the thought that an effective blow might be struck at the Allies' communications by means of the submarine. A glance at the map of the world and a study of American newspapers must have convinced the Germans that the Allies were drawing from the sea the strength which they were developing on various fronts on land, while the blockade, supported by the fleets of the Allies, was imposing an ever more stringent constriction on Central Europe.

What the steam locomotive is to Germany, the ship of commerce is to the Allies. Three years ago the Germans did not appreciate the value of sea power. Rather than risk the High Seas Fleet they were content to deny themselves the use of the world's oceans, which were left free to the Allies, subject only to the limited menace which the few German men-of-war on foreign stations and some armed merchantmen offered. But the time came when the German flag had been banished from the seas, and no expedient suggested itself for interfering with the stream of shipping from distant parts of the world which was contributing to the power of the Allied armies and the economic well-being of the Allied populations. In those circumstances Grand Admiral

von Tirpitz suggested that the submarine should be employed for attacking Allied shipping. From the beginning of 1915 this course was adopted tentatively, and, in the meantime, sport was made with successive American Notes after the clumsy methods of German diplomacy. In the autumn and winter of last year exaggerated reports of the submarine war encouraged the soldiers to believe with absolute confidence that ruthless piracy would prove the instrument of victory. The armies of the Central Powers had by that time bitten off great tracts of territory which they could not digest, and they stood on the defensive, north and south, east and west, without the faintest hope that the military conditions would change, except to Germany's injury. In those circumstances Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, supported by the soldiers, raised the question of the relative advantages of sinking at sight and risking American intervention.

We now know from the reminiscences of Mr. Gerard, the United States Ambassador in Berlin, which have been appearing in the *Daily Telegraph*, that a conflict of opinion arose on this matter. The soldiers, having failed in their own sphere, pinned their faith to the submarine. The civilian Ministers, led by Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, were doubtful whether the submarine could achieve the end desired. The discussion continued over several months, during which, as Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg has confessed, the building of submarines and the training of officers and men for this service was continued with energy, mechanics being withdrawn from military service. In the meantime, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, who had been dismissed from office, Count Reventlow and others set out to "educate" public opinion through the newspapers and thus

create a demand for ruthless submarining, their ardor fed by dislike for Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg and a determination to drive him from his place of power. Then at last, towards the end of 1915, the decision was taken to defy not only America but the whole world, and embark upon a campaign as illegal as it was inhuman. By that time the Imperial Chancellor had been forced, under pressure, to pocket his doubts and scruples.

America was the danger point. The Emperor and his entourage endeavored by every means to intimidate the Americans during the months of preparation for the campaign, and were confident that threats would deter the United States from entering the war. Mr. Gerard recalls that the Kaiser repeatedly said, "America had better look out after this war," and "I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war." The Germans believed that President Wilson "had been elected with a mandate to keep out of the war at any cost, and that America could be insulted, flouted, and humiliated with impunity." Mr. Gerard records:

It was during the period of the conversations about this submarine warfare that Herr Zimmermann on one occasion said to me that the United States does not dare do anything against Germany, "because we have 500,000 German reservists in America, who will rise in arms against your Government if your Government should dare to take any action against Germany." As he said this he worked himself up to a passion, and repeatedly struck the table with his fist. I told him that we had 500,000 lamp-posts in America, and that was where the German reservists would find themselves if they tried uprising.

In spite of everything that Mr. Gerard could say, the Kaiser and his Ministers reached the conclusion that

America would not intervene, and that if she did reach that decision she could render little more assistance to the Allies than she was then giving by providing money and material, and that, in any case, her war strength on sea or on land could not be developed before the submarine had obtained for Germany a peace in accordance with her ambitions. The belief was ingrained in the whole German nation, Mr. Gerard has declared, that the adoption of piracy would lead within three months to what all Germans so ardently desired, namely, peace. It may have been impossible for the Government to resist the popular demand, based on fabricated information, for recourse to this means of warfare; the army and nation were convinced that ruthless submarine war spelled early success and a glorious peace. This peace was to be a German peace; a peace as outlined by the Imperial Chancellor; a peace which would leave Germany immensely powerful with vast indemnities and added territories, and ready immediately after the war to take up her campaign against the nations of the Western Hemisphere; a peace which would compel every nation, so long as the German autoocracy remained in the saddle, to devote its best energies and the most fruitful period of its men's lives to preparations for war. Everyone, high and low, was convinced that in three months at most England would be brought to her knees and the war ended. That state of public opinion, excited by every means known to the autoocracy and its satellites, is an important factor. As early as January 7th Dr. von Stresemann, the National Liberal deputy, declared at Hanover that the "full employment" of the submarine "would raise the monthly toll of tonnage from a half to one million tons." This, it was added, would not only strike Great Britain

in her economic nerve, but would mean famine to the population in the British Isles. At last, in desperate courage, the Foreign Secretary announced to the American Ambassador that the decision had been taken to pursue intensified submarine warfare. "Zimmermann, at the time that he delivered the Note, told me this submarine warfare was a necessity for Germany, and that Germany could not hold out a year on the question of food. He further said, *'Give us only two months of this kind of warfare, and we shall end the war and make peace within three months.'*" The Imperial Chancellor had come to the same conclusion. On January 31st, he declared in a speech:

In the first place, the most important fact of all is that the number of our submarines has very considerably increased as compared with last spring,* and thereby a firm basis has been created for success. The second co-decisive reason is the bad corn harvest of the world. This fact now already confronts England, France, and Italy with serious difficulties. We firmly hope to bring these difficulties, by means of an unrestricted U-boat war, to the point of unbearable-ness.

The coal question, too, is a vital question in war. Already it is critical, as you know, in Italy and France. Our submarines will render it still more critical. To this must be added, especially as regards England, the supply of ore for the production of munitions in the widest sense and of timber for coal mines. Our enemy's difficulties are rendered still further acute by the increased lack of cargo space. In this respect, time and the U-boat and cruiser warfare have prepared the ground for a *decisive blow*. The Entente suffers in all its members owing to the lack of cargo space. It makes itself felt in Italy and France not less than in England. If we may now venture to estimate the positive

*This was evidently intended as a reflection on Grand Admiral von Tirpitz.

advantages of an unrestricted U-boat war at a very much higher value than last spring, the dangers which arise for us from the U-boat war have correspondingly decreased since that time.

The submarine was accepted by Ministers and public in Germany as offering the assurance of the end of the war in a matter of twelve or sixteen weeks. It was to become operative so speedily as to blunt the edge of the spring offensive of the Allies; it was to arrest any possibility of a summer offensive; it was to remove from the German population the horror with which they contemplated the possibility of another winter campaign. And what if, after all, the United States declared war on Germany? On that matter the Imperial Chancellor was ready with facile prophecies. Some politicians were nervous, and sought an interview with Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg. He reassured them. The blockade would succeed in a limited number of weeks, within which America could not effectively participate in the operations. "*Our decision to apply submarines unshrinkingly is based on the Admiralty's calculations that the world tonnage, which is practically all at the disposal of the Entente, has reached the minimum below which the Entente cannot continue the war.*"

What happened after Germany had decided on her desperate gamble with the submarines is a matter of history. America on April 6th decided, by the vote of Congress, upon war. It was no formal declaration made in order to save her face, but the consecration of her immense resources to the cause for which the Allies were fighting. President Wilson delivered a speech to Congress which will be ever memorable as an exposition of the case of the Allies:

We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to

liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world, for the liberation of its peoples—the German peoples included—the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon trusted foundations of political liberty. . . .

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great and peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars.

Civilization itself seems to be in the balance; but right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as will bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we have, with the pride of those who know the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and might for the principles that gave her birth, and the happiness and peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

With what wonder the German Ministers must have read that declaration, delivered amid the cheers of the representatives of the American people. With what wonder they must have watched this nation, a hundred millions strong, preparing to take its part

in the war. "I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war," the Kaiser had remarked to Mr. Gerard, and with those words he lighted a flame on the other side of the Atlantic which will yet consume him and all that he stands for. With what astonishment they must have learned of the speedy arrival of American destroyers off the Irish Coast; of the adoption in the United States of compulsory military service; of agreement to other war measures; of the control effected over food supplies in the interest of the Allies; and of the pressure exerted by the American Government to prevent supplies reaching Germany through Scandinavian countries and Holland, thus tightening the blockade.

Germany unwittingly made a great blunder when she embraced the submarine as the weapon which constituted "the best and only means of a speedy victorious ending of the war."* It became the agent of world destiny, the engine by which a circuit of sympathy was flashed round the globe, drawing to the standard of the Allies the support of practically all the neutral nations enjoying freedom of movement. A great issue was raised. The war at once became one between Germany and her dupes on the one hand, and, on the other, the civilized world. Piracy was recognized as the enemy of that brotherhood of the sea which for centuries past had been gathering strength of membership, its fine chivalry towards the defenseless at length to be embodied in a series of Hague Conventions. Seamen of all nationalities were in no doubt as to the character of the menace, but they did not flinch. It was the confident anticipation of the Germans, as has since been practically confessed, that the mere threat of intensified warfare would cause neutral seamen to refuse

*Confidential circular to the German Press, February 1st, 1917.

to use Allied ports, and particularly British ports, and that only under the pressure of threats from the Government would British seamen be prevailed upon to face the terror which the submarine, employed without license of law or regard for humanity, suggested. There is no doubt as to Germany's hopes. On March 8th last an organization styled "The Union of the Organized Seamen of Germany" issued to the seamen's organizations of neutral countries a significant statement, in which it was pointed out, as had been evident from the first:

What Germany now expects from neutral maritime States is the following: They must fall in with Germany's published and extended closure of the seas against England and its Allies, in the same degree as they have hitherto respected the corresponding measures adopted by England or its Allies.* All that is required of them, accordingly, is to be fair.

That document, of course inspired from above, then proceeded to refer to the failure of neutral seamen to accept this conception of their duty in face of the submarine threat. By this time the Germans had been brought to realize that neither the seamen of the Allies nor those of neutral States were prepared to accept German dictation, even when supported by the torpedo, fired on sight and without warning. Condemning neutral sailors for their contumacy in ignoring Germany's threats, it was remarked:

Will, and can the neutral navigation and the neutral shippers pay this tribute to England? Upon the answer, affirmative or negative, to this question depend the consequences of the intensified German U-boat warfare to the neutral shippers and the neutral seamen.

*They omitted to state that these "measures" were enforced by the pressure of sea-power which international law recognized, and which neutral nations, if they would, could not evade.

If this tribute be paid to England it may bring about material advantages to the shippers in the shape of larger profits. But it would expose neutral lives and property to extreme dangers and to certain destruction. A refusal of the tribute demanded by England might condemn the neutral shipping to a partial inactivity, and occasion material losses to shippers and seamen, but would protect neutral lives and neutral property and render them safe for the future.

It is from this point of view that the navigation interests, and above all the seamen, ought to consider the question and to draw thence their conclusions as to the effect upon themselves.

The ingenious pleas on behalf of piracy, buttressed by every species of threat in neutral capitals, completely failed. Neutral Governments refused to surrender. Seamen generally realized from the first the significance of Germany's campaign, and reached the conclusion that it rested upon them, whether belonging to Allied or neutral nations, to oppose it with their lives unless they were to stand branded for all time as cowards who had flinched before a German threat. Germany's challenge was met by a counter-challenge. From the very opening of the submarine campaign in February last the seamen of the world—for there are no German or Austrian seamen in the real sense of that word—ignored Germany's pretensions as they treated with contempt her boasts of the atrocities she would commit on those who defied her. Neutral shipping has continued on the seas, visiting British and other Allied ports, and not a single British sailor has refused to go to sea. That is the defiance which seamen have opposed to the super-pirates on the other side of the North Sea.

By this time the Germans realize that they committed four blunders

when they embarked on intensified submarine warfare:

(a) They overestimated the effect of the losses sustained by our merchant shipping as a result of their attacks between August 4th, 1914, and January 31st, 1917, and were consequently encouraged to entertain false hopes of the immediate consequences of piracy.

(b) They confidently assumed that the United States, reaping material advantages from continued neutrality, would be frightened by German threats and would not intervene in the war.

(c) They rated too low the pride and courage of the sailors of Allied and neutral nations.

(d) They miscalculated the rate at which their submarines, without regard for law or humanity, could reduce our sea-carrying power to such a point that we should be unable to continue the war, bringing the struggle to an end, as they believed, before America could, if she intervened, transform herself into a great military Power.

No doubt Mr. Gerard is right in his assertion that the German Administration had behind it a great weight of popular opinion when the new departure of policy was made last spring. The inspired newspapers throughout the Empire had conveyed entirely misleading impressions, based on fabricated statistics, as to the successes achieved by the submarine during 1915; the public had been mesmerized by the sinking of the *Lusitania* into the belief that anything was possible to these submersible craft if employed without restraint; Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, Count Reventlow, and other fire-eaters had encouraged those misconceptions and established a degree of confidence in a speedy victory by the aid of these vessels which must fill them with mortification when they look back over the eight months, February-September.

In the first place, what was the net loss of the British mercantile marine down to the beginning of the ruthless U-boat warfare on February 1st of this year, when the Imperial Chancellor declared that the available tonnage "had reached the minimum below which the Entente cannot continue the war"? Taking into account ships completed since the outbreak of war, German ships seized, and neutral vessels purchased, the loss of British tonnage amounted to less than 5 per cent.* That was the reduction in a period of two and a half years in spite of all Germany's efforts with cruisers such as the *Emden*, *Karlsruhe*, and others, armed merchantmen, disguised raiders, like the *Moewe*, and submarines. The Germans were evidently unaware of the relatively small losses sustained on the enormous tonnage owned by this country when the war opened. But their ignorance did not end there. They failed to take into account the genius—for it amounted to little less—of British shipowners. Hostilities withdrew gradually about one-half of our merchant ships for use for naval and military purposes; those vessels were no longer available for meeting the civil needs of the population, and ships had also to be placed at the disposal of our Allies, leaving a much depleted organization at the disposal of shipowners and charterers. They decided that by better organization a greater carrying power could be extracted from the available tonnage. The result of their efforts, in spite of labor and other difficulties created by the war, probably exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of all concerned in this readjustment to war conditions. In the last report of the Liverpool Steam Ship Owners' Association Sir Norman Hill, the secretary, included a most valuable and informative

*Annual report of the Liverpool Steam Ship Owners' Association.

table showing the remarkable results achieved by the merchant navy between the outbreak of war and the end of January, 1917—that is to the date preceding the inauguration of the intensified submarine war. That statement shows how Germany miscalculated. The figures are eloquent. The tonnage entrances in the six months ending January 31st, 1917, fell off, as compared with the corresponding peace period of 1914, by over 41 per cent owing mainly to the withdrawal of vessels for war purposes and partly to the losses suffered at sea; but the decline in the weight of imports, consisting largely of luxuries, amounted to less than 30 per cent. The Germans were ignorant of those factors in the situation when they determined to risk everything on the submarine issue. They may have taken into account—though it seems as though they did not do so—the number of German ships detained in American ports which would be seized in the unlikely event, as they thought, of America entering the ring, but they certainly did not include the German tonnage detained in Brazilian and Chinese harbors which their piracy would release. We are consequently confronted with a further series of miscalculations by the Power which boasted of its methodical habit of mind and of the care with which, in peace and war, it “sized up” every situation.

In those circumstances the intensified submarine war opened. As the Imperial Chancellor announced in the Reichstag, the declaration of policy was delayed until the last days of January in order that sufficient submarines might be built and officers and men trained as crews to ensure success. The Germans had planned a *coup*, intending to throw out on to the trade routes a large number of submersible craft of the latest types. It

was thought that the British Navy, with many responsibilities owing to our military commitments, and the merchant navy, almost entirely unarmed, would be caught at a disadvantage when the surprise blow was delivered, and that in the course of two, or at most three, months—at any rate, long before the United States could intervene effectively—our losses would have mounted up to such a figure that we should be only too ready to accept peace at Germany's dictation. There is no authentic information as to the number of submarines which were held on the leash at the end of January ready to start out on their errands of brigandage and murder.

Something went wrong in the early days of the campaign; that is certain. What it was the Germans have not, of course, revealed, though probably the explanation is very generally known throughout the Empire. We may find possibly a clue to the mystery in a letter which appeared in the *Bystander* of April 12th from its Copenhagen correspondent quoting Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, in reference to the imprisonment of thirty German submarines in the Sound. The explorer stated that the boats were trapped in the narrow part of the Sound, just above Helsingborg, two days after the new submarine campaign began. They were all making north from the same Baltic base, evidently on their way to the “war zone,” when the east wind blew the loose ice together, and as it was freezing hard—“12 deg. Celsius at least”—soon all the submarines were in a solid pack. They were moving with only their periscopes up. Some of them smelled danger in time and managed to rise. These got wedged in with their decks showing. Others were caught under the ice, only their periscopes showing. Rasmussen continued:

I myself walked across the ice to them, and my mate even tried to look down a periscope. Then the ice-slip—that is, loose ice, which always drifts under the pack—snapped the periscope tubes. The submarines perished miserably. Some, after three days' imprisonment, tried to get away under the ice. I know that seven were smashed in, and all on board drowned.*

The explorer added that he had told Prince Harald of Denmark about the occurrence. Whether that is or is not the complete explanation of the miscarriage of German hopes we shall probably not know until after the war, but, at any rate, some detail in the enemy's carefully elaborated preparations, extending over a period of many months, went wrong, with the result that not only were German hopes not realized, but they were shattered. Official spokesmen have since been busy explaining the want of success and sustaining the drooping spirits of the German people, who in the meantime have been feeling the increased pressure of the Allied blockade, reinforced by the invaluable assistance which the United States has been rendering in closing the enemy's side doors through Scandinavia and Holland. The Germans have become the victims of another series of miscalculations and in consequence they are confronted with another winter's campaign on land, and what is perhaps worse—at least for the submarine crews—another winter's offensive afloat with rough seas, leading the desperate peoples of the Central Empires to wonder in growing apprehension how long their seamen can stand the physical and mental strain of such arduous service.

Piracy has not succeeded, and there is no reason why it should; but if it is to be decisively defeated there must

*The hull of a submarine is very vulnerable to any heavy pressure such as an ice-pack exerts.

be a clearer realization on the part of the British Government, Parliament, and people of the vital character of the issue. Our merchant navy is a large one, but it would not be necessary for the Germans to sink all our ships in order to bring about such a condition of weakness as would make it impossible for us to continue the war. We cannot exist, much less fight, without a large merchant navy. There must be no miscalculations on this side of the North Sea.

It was apparent from the first that the Germans had presented a sea problem to which no immediate solution could be provided; that conviction has been strengthened since American sailors, not wanting in resource and inventiveness, gave their minds to the matter. It may be that in our time no single and complete antidote will be discovered. As to that no definite statement is possible, but, at any rate, we must prepare for the depredations continuing in the coming months, severely economizing the consumption of food and other things and devoting the necessary labor and material to shipbuilding and engine-making. The Navy is in need of more small craft, and the losses of the mercantile marine must be made good. In neither direction is an adequate effort being made. As the Admiralty have announced, insufficient progress is being made in providing the minor vessels required for hunting down submarines; and, as the Prime Minister has admitted, the merchant ships which are being lost are being replaced only in part, which means that the margin available for meeting the needs of the population, apart from those of the Navy and Army, is decreasing week by week. In other words, our sea-power is shrinking. That on the one hand. On the other, the energy and material devoted to the prosecution of the war

by land and by sea is about in the proportion of seven to one. This is a maritime State, and the balance must
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be readjusted if we are to combat the submarine with success, maintaining our sea power in adequate strength.

Archibald Hurd.

"CARRY ON!"

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K (1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

PART II—(Continued).

THE LAST SOLO.

It was dawn on Saturday morning, and the second phase of the Battle of the Somme was more than twenty-four hours old. The program had opened with a night attack, always the most difficult and uncertain of enterprises, especially for soldiers who were civilians less than two years ago. But no undertaking is too audacious for men in whose veins the wine of success is beginning to throb. And this undertaking, this hazardous gamble, had succeeded all along the line. During the past day and night more than three miles of the German second system of defenses, from Bazentin le Petit to the edge of Delville Wood, had received their new tenants; and already long streams of not altogether reluctant Hun prisoners were being escorted to the rear by perspiring but cheerful gentlemen with fixed bayonets.

Meanwhile—in case such of the late occupants of the line as were still at large should take a fancy to revisit their previous haunts, working-parties of infantry, pioneers, and sappers were toiling at full pressure to reverse the parapets, run out barbed wire, and bestow machine-guns in such a manner as to produce a continuous lattice-work of fire along the front of the captured position.

All through the night the work had continued. As a result, positions were now tolerably secure, the intrepid

"Buzzers" had included the newly grafted territory in the nervous system of the British Expeditionary Force, and Battalion Headquarters and Supply Depôts had moved up to their new positions.

To Colonel Kemp and his Adjutant Cockerell, ensconced in a dug-out thirty feet deep, furnished with a real bed, electric-light fittings, and ornaments obviously made in Germany, entered Major Wagstaffe, encrusted with mud, but as imperturbable as ever. He saluted.

"Good morning, sir. You seem to have struck a cushie little home this time."

"Yes. The Boche officer harbors no false modesty about acknowledging his desire for creature comforts. That is where he scores off people like you and me, who pretend we like sleeping in mud. Have you been round the advanced positions?"

"Yes. There is some pretty hard fighting going on in the village itself—the Boche still holds the Northwest corner—and in the wood on the right. 'A' Company are holding a line of broken-down cottages on our right front, but they can't make any further move until they get more bombs. The Boche is occupying various buildings opposite, but in no great strength at present. However, he seems to have plenty of machine-guns."

"I have sent up more bombs,"

said the Colonel. "What about 'B' Company?"

"'B' have reached their objective, and consolidated. 'C' and 'D' are lying close up, ready to go forward in support when required. I think 'A' could do with a little assistance."

"I don't want to send up 'C' and 'D,'" replied the Colonel, "until the Divisional Reserve arrives. The Brigade has just telephoned through that reinforcements are on the way. When they get here, we can afford to stuff in the whole battalion. Are 'A' Company capable of handling the situation at present?"

"Yes, I think so. Little is directing his platoons from a convenient cellar. He was in touch with them all when I left. But it is possible that the Boche may make a rush when it grows a bit lighter. At present he is too demoralized to attempt anything beyond intermittent machine-gun fire."

Colonel Kemp turned to Cockerell.

"Get Captain Little on the telephone," he said, "and tell him, if the enemy displays any disposition to counter-attack, to let me know at once." Then he turned to Wagstaffe, and asked the question which always lurks furtively on the tongue of a commanding officer.

"Many—casualties?"

"'A' Company have caught it rather badly crossing the open. 'B' got off lightly. Glen is commanding them now: Waddell was killed leading his men in the rush to the final objective."

Colonel Kemp sighed.

"Another good boy gone—veteran, rather. I must write to his wife. Fairly newly married, I fancy?"

"Four months," said Wagstaffe briefly.

"What was his Christian name, do you know?"

"Walter, I think, sir," said Cockerell.

Colonel Kemp found time to enter a note in his pocket-diary to that effect.

Meanwhile, up in the line, "A" Company were holding on grimly to what are usually described as "certain advanced elements," of the village.

Village fighting is a confused and untidy business, but it possesses certain redeeming features. The combatants are usually so inextricably mixed up that the artillery are compelled to refrain from participation. That comes later, when you have cleared the village of the enemy, and his guns are preparing the ground for the inevitable counter-attack.

So far "A" Company had done nobly. From the moment when they had lined up before Montauban in the gross darkness preceding yesterday's dawn, until the moment when Bobby Little led them in one victorious rush into the outskirts of the village, they had never encountered a setback. By sunset they had penetrated some way farther; now creeping stealthily forward under the shelter of a broken wall to hurl bombs into the windows of an occupied cottage; now climbing precariously to some commanding position in order to open fire with a Lewis gun; now making a sudden dash across an open space. Such work offered peculiar opportunities to small and well-handled parties—opportunities of which Bobby's veterans availed themselves right readily. Angus M'Lachlan, for instance, accompanied by a small following of seasoned experts, had twice rounded up parties of the enemy in cellars, and had dispatched the same back to Headquarters with his compliments and a promise of more. Mucklewame and four men had bombed their way along a communication trench leading to one of the side streets of the village—a likely avenue for a counter-attack—and, having reached the end of the

trench, had built up a sandbag barricade, and had held the same against the assaults of hostile bombers until a Vickers machine-gun had arrived in charge of an energetic subaltern of that youthful but thriving organization, the Suicide Club, or Machine-Gun Corps, and closed the street to further Teutonic traffic.

During the night there had been periods of quiescence, devoted to consolidation, and here and there to snatches of uneasy slumber. Angus M'Lachlan, fairly in his element, had trailed his enormous length in and out of the backyards and brick-heaps of the village; visiting every point in his irregular line, testing defenses; bestowing praise; and ensuring that every man had his share of food and rest. Unutterably grimy, but inexpressibly cheerful, he reported progress to Major Wagstaffe when that nocturnal Rambler visited him in the small hours.

"Well, Angus, how goes it?" inquired Wagstaffe.

"We have won the match, sir," replied Angus with simple seriousness. "We are just playing the bye now!"

And with that he crawled away, with the unnecessary stealth of a small boy playing robbers, to encourage his dour paladins to further efforts.

"We shall probably be relieved this evening," he explained to them, "and we must make everything secure. It would never do to leave our new positions untenable by other troops. They might not be so reliable"—with a paternal smile—"as you! Now, our right flank is not safe yet. We can improve the position very much if we can secure that *estaminet*, standing up like an island among those ruined houses on our right front. You see the sign, *Aux Bons Fermiers*, over the door. The trouble is that a German machine-gun is sweeping the intervening space—and we cannot see the

gun! There it goes again. See the brick-dust fly! Keep down! They are firing mainly across our front, but a stray bullet may come this way."

The platoon crouched low behind their improvised rampart of brick rubble, while machine-gun bullets swept low, with misleading *claquement*, along the space in front of them, from some hidden position on their right. Presently the firing stopped. Brother Boche was merely "loosing off a belt," as a precautionary measure, at commendably regular intervals.

"I cannot locate that gun," said Angus impatiently. "Can you, Corporal M'Snape?"

"It is not in the *Estaminet* itself, sir," replied M'Snape. ("*Estaminet*" is as near as our rank and file ever get to *estaminet*.) "It seems to be mounted some place higher up the street. I doubt they cannot see us themselves—only the ground in front of us."

"If we could reach the *estaminet* itself," said Angus thoughtfully, "we could get a more extended view. Sergeant Mucklewame, select ten men, including three bombers, and follow me. I am going to find a jumping-off place. The Lewis gun too."

Presently the little party were crouching round their officer, in a sheltered position on the right of the line—which for the moment appeared to be "in the air." Except for the intermittent streams of machine-gun fire, and an occasional shrapnel-burst overhead, all was quiet. The enemy's counter-attack was not yet ready.

"Now listen carefully," said Angus, who had just finished scribbling a dispatch. "First of all, you, Bogle, take this message to the telephone, and get it sent to Company Headquarters. Now you others. We will wait till that machine-gun has fired another belt. Then, the moment it has finished, while they are getting out the next

belt, I will dash across to the *estaminet* over there. M'Snape, you will come with me, but no one else—yet. If the *estaminet* seems capable of being held, I will signal to you, Sergeant Mucklewame, and you will send your party across, in dribblets, not forgetting the Lewis gun. By that time I may have located the German machine-gun, so we should be able to knock it out with the Lewis."

Further speech was cut short by a punctual fantasia from the gun in question. Angus and M'Snape crouched behind the shattered wall, awaiting their chance. The firing ceased.

"Now!" whispered Angus.

Next moment officer and corporal were flying across the open, and before the mechanical Boche gunner could jerk the new belt into position, both had found sanctuary within the open doorway of the half-ruined *estaminet*.

Nay, more than both; for as the panting pair flung themselves into shelter, a third figure tumbled heavily through the doorway after them. Simultaneously a stream of machine-gun bullets went storming past.

"Just in time!" observed Angus, well pleased. "Bogle, what are you doing here?"

"I was given tae unnerstand, sirr," replied Mr. Bogle calmly, "when I jined the regiment, that in action an officer's servant stands by his officer."

"That is true," conceded Angus; "but you had no right to follow me against orders. Did you not hear me say that no one but Corporal M'Snape was to come?"

"No, sirr. I doubt I was away at the 'phone."

"Well, now you are here, wait inside this doorway, where you can see Sergeant Mucklewame's party, and look out for signals. M'Snape, let us find that machine-gun."

The pair made their way to the hitherto blind side of the building, and cautiously peeped through a much-perforated shutter in the living-room.

"Do you see it, sirr?" inquired M'Snape eagerly.

Angus chuckled.

"See it? Fine! It is right in the open, in the middle of the street. Look!"

He relinquished his peep-hole. The German machine-gun was mounted in the street itself, behind an improvised barrier of bricks and sandbags. It was less than a hundred yards away, sited in a position which, though screened from the view of Angus's platoon farther down, enabled it to sweep all the ground in front of the position. This it was now doing with great intensity, for the brief public appearance of Angus and M'Snape had effectually converted intermittent into continuous fire.

"We must get the Lewis gun over at once," muttered Angus. "It can knock that breastwork to pieces."

He crossed the house again, to see if any of Mucklewame's men had arrived.

They had not. The man with the Lewis gun was lying dead half-way across the street, with his precious weapon on the ground beside him. Two other men, both wounded, had crawled back whence they came, taking what cover they could from the storm of bullets which whizzed a few inches over their flinching bodies.

Angus hastily semaphored to Mucklewame to hold his men in check for the present. Then he returned to the other side of the house.

"How many men are serving that gun?" he said to M'Snape. "Can you see?"

"Only, two, sirr, I think. I cannot see them, but that wee breastwork will not cover more than a couple of men."

"Mphm," observed Angus thoughtfully. "I expect they have been left behind to hold on. Have you a bomb about you?"

The admirable M'Snape produced from his pocket a Mills grenade, and handed it to his superior.

"Just the one, sirr," he said.

"Go you," commanded Angus, his voice rising to a more than usually Highland inflection, "and semaphore to Mucklewame that when he hears the explosion of *this*"—he pulled out the safety-pin of the grenade and gripped the grenade itself in his enormous paw—"followed, probably, by the temporary cessation of the machine-gun, he is to bring his men over here in a bunch as hard as they can pelt. Put it as briefly as you can, but make sure he understands. He has a good signaler with him. Send Bogle to report when you have finished. Now repeat what I have said to you. . . . That's right. Carry on!"

M'Snape was gone. Angus, left alone, pensively restored the safety-pin to the grenade, and laid the grenade upon the ground beside him. Then he proceeded to write a brief letter in his field message-book. This he placed in an envelope which he took from his breast pocket. The envelope was already addressed—to the *Reverend Neil M'Lachlan, The Manse*, in a very remote Highland village. (Angus had no mother.) He closed the envelope, initialed it, and buttoned it up in his breast pocket again. After that he took up his grenade and proceeded to make a further examination of the premises. Presently he found what he wanted; and by the time Bogle arrived to announce that Sergeant Mucklewame had signaled "message understood," his arrangements were complete.

"Stay by this small hole in the wall, Bogle," he said, "and the moment the Lewis gun arrives tell them to mount

it here and open fire on the enemy gun."

He left the room, leaving Bogle alone, to listen to the melancholy rustle of peeling wall-paper within and the steady crackling of bullets without. But when, peering through the improvised loophole, he next caught sight of his officer, Angus had emerged from the house by the cellar window, and was creeping with infinite caution behind the shelter of what had once been the wall of the *estaminet's* backyard (but was now an uneven bank of bricks, averaging two feet high), in the direction of the German machine-gun. The gun, oblivious of the danger now threatening its right front, continued to fire steadily and hopefully down the street.

Slowly, painfully, Angus crawled on, until he found himself within the right angle formed by the corner of the yard. He could go no farther without being seen. Between him and the German gun lay the cobbled surface of the street, offering no cover whatsoever except one mighty shell-crater, situated midway between Angus and the gun, and full to the brim with rain water.

A single peep over the wall gave him his bearings. The gun was too far away to be reached by a grenade, even when thrown by Angus M'Lachlan. Still, it would create a diversion. It was a time bomb. He would—

He stretched out his long arm to its full extent behind him, gave one mighty overarm sweep, and with all the cracking strength of his mighty sinews hurled the grenade.

It fell into the exact center of the flooded shell-crater.

Angus said something under his breath which would have shocked a disciple of Kultur. Fortunately the two German gunners did not hear him. But they observed the splash fifty yards away, and it relieved them

from *ennui*, for they were growing tired of firing at nothing. They had not seen the grenade thrown, and were a little puzzled as to the cause of the phenomenon.

Four seconds later their curiosity was more than satisfied. With a muffled roar the shell-hole suddenly spouted its liquid contents and other *débris* straight to the heavens, startling them considerably and entirely obscuring their vision.

A moment later, with an exultant yell, Angus M'Lachlan was upon them. He sprang into their vision out of the descending cascade—a towering, terrible, kilned figure, bareheaded and Berserk mad. He was barely forty yards away.

Initiative is not the *forte* of the Teuton. Number One of the German gun mechanically traversed his weapon four degrees to the right and continued to press the thumb-piece. Mud and splinters of brick sprang up round Angus's feet; but still he came on. He was not twenty yards away now. The gunner, beginning to boggle between waiting and bolting, fumbled at his elevating gear, but Angus was right on him before his thumbs got back to work. Then indeed the gun spoke out with no uncertain voice, for perhaps two seconds. After that it ceased fire altogether.

Almost simultaneously there came a triumphant roar lower down the street, as Mucklewame and his followers dashed obliquely across into the *estaminet*. Mucklewame himself was carrying the derelict Lewis gun. In the doorway stood the watchful M'Snape.

"This way, quick!" he shouted. "We have the Gairman gun spotted, and the officer is needing the Lewis!"

But M'Snape was wrong. The Lewis was not required.

A few moments later, in the face of brisk sniping from the houses higher

up the street, James Bogle, officer's servant—a member of that despised class which, according to the *bandarlog* at home, spend the whole of its time pressing its master's trousers and smoking his cigarettes somewhere back in billet—led out a stretcher party to the German gun. Number One had been killed by a shot from Angus's revolver. Number Two had adopted Hindenburg tactics, and was no more to be seen. Angus himself was lying stone-dead a yard from the muzzle of the gun which he, single-handed, had put out of action.

His men carried him back to the *Estaminet Aux Bons Fermiers*, with the German gun, which was afterwards employed to good purpose during the desperate days of attacking and counter-attacking which ensued before the village was finally secured. They laid him in the inner room, and proceeded to put the *estaminet* in a state of defense—ready to hold the same against all comers until such time as the relieving Division should take over, and they themselves be enabled, under the kindly cloak of darkness, to carry back their beloved officer to a more permanent resting-place.

In the left-hand breast pocket of Angus's tunic they found his last letter to his father. Two German machine-gun bullets had passed through it. It was forwarded, with a covering letter, by Colonel Kemp. In the letter Angus's commanding officer informed Neil M'Lachlan that his son had been recommended posthumously for the highest honor that the King bestows upon his soldiers.

But for the moment Mucklewame's little band had other work to occupy them. Shelling had recommenced; the enemy were mustering in force behind the village; and presently a series of counter-attacks were launched. They were successfully repelled, in the first

instance by the remainder of "A" Company, led in person by Bobby Little, and, when the final struggle came, by the Battalion Reserve under Major Wagstaffe. And throughout
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the whole grim struggle which ensued, the *Estaminet Aux Bons Fermiers*, tenanted by some of our oldest friends, proved itself the head and corner of the successful defense.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER'S SON.

John Patrick Anthony De Courcy McGrady was the youngest son of Sir Anthony McGrady of Clew Castle in the County of Clare, Ireland.

There were six sons. Redmond, the eldest, was in the police up in Dublin, where he had a big house of his own and led an old-bachelor existence at thirty-five. He had a round bald spot on top of his head, and his skin was dry as mahogany and somewhat the same color. The second was in the Indian Woods and Forests. He was Dominick. He had married an unimaginative English girl with whom the Indian life did not agree. She had come back to England, and had brought the children on a visit to Clew: but the spoiled Indian children had been a dreadful disappointment to Madam McGrady, who had seen herself in dreams with her arms full of them: the children had fretted and turned from her caresses. She had had to sit through an occasion when the eldest child, who was called Alice after her, was severely punished for refusing to kiss her Granny, and refused to the end. There was Brian in a soldier's grave in South Africa. There was Willie who was a sailor at the ends of the earth. There was Tony who had gone to the Klondike, and there was John the youngest.

There had been one daughter, Cecilia, who was in heaven. She had

been drowned in her sixteenth year, in a successful effort to save life. It was Kit McGarvey's life she had saved, and little Kit would have died many deaths rather than her life be saved by the loss of Miss Cecilia's. Donal Sheehy, John's foster-brother, had all but lost his life in trying to save Cecilia. He had in fact been drowned, but he had come back again after three hours of the hardest work Dr. Griffin had ever put in. Madam had a peculiar affection for Donal Sheehy, who had gone to America the year after Cecilia's death. Even still Madam wrote to Donal as she did to Dominick and Willie and Tony, and found him a more faithful correspondent than her sons.

All her children were good children, Madam McGrady was accustomed to say. The boys sent her home presents of money from time to time. Hardly enough to count as against the general decay of things at Clew Castle: but enough to give alleviation to the lot of the father and mother. None of the boys so far had done anything brilliant in the way of making money. They were all creditable boys—all doing well in their various positions. If they had not done more brilliantly than the sons of other men it was a consolation to Sir Anthony to remember Brian in his bloody grave in South Africa. Brian had been mentioned in dispatches not once but twice: and the old Queen, whom Sir Anthony had served, had, with her own trembling

and feeble hand, written a letter of sympathy to the parents for their son who had died nobly.

Sir Anthony had an impatient way with his youngest son. He had a variety of names for him, of which John-a-Dreams was one; "The Wing Chick" was another, and it had reference to Madam McGrady's peculiar tenderness for her youngest son.

The poor lady had always leaned on John-a-Dreams. Neither he nor she objected to that name on his father's lips; and in time Madam had come to adopt it herself.

"Well, my John-a-Dreams," she would say, drawing down her tall son's head to kiss it lightly a-top of its close dark softness. She had her secret with John, never alluded to except obliquely by mother or son. Oddly enough Donal Sheehy, the peasant boy, whose mother had nursed John, had glimpses of the secret; but that perhaps Madam herself hardly suspected.

Sir Anthony had a strong domineering personality. He adored his wife, but he had no softness in his dealings with her. A soldier to the last drop of blood in his body, he had exacted courage and a stiff upper lip no matter what befell. When sorrow and sickness came he expected his wife to keep out of sight her womanly tears and weakness. When Cecilia was drowned: when the telegram from the War Office announcing Brian's death reached her in the midst of a garden party, she had not screamed nor fainted nor even wept—in her husband's sight. He had imposed on her a stern discipline of self-control. His own grief was visible in his haggard face and desolate blue eyes: hers must be borne with dignity while the world looked on, however she might reveal it when she was alone with God.

In their griefs Madam McGrady and her youngest son crept together

for consolation. The sound of Sir Anthony's foot on the stone staircase—all the staircases at Clew were of stone and iron—would send them flying apart: Sir Anthony had a stern contempt for what he called weakness and sentimentality, wherefore Madam used to say with her sudden pink flush and wavering smile that her husband had only a one-sided knowledge of the woman he had married.

Sir Anthony's step on the stairs always sounded as though he had spurs on his heels. He was a very fine-looking soldierly person, with the short fighting nose of the Celt, blue eyes stern as steel, and bristling white mustaches, unlike his hair, which was softly silver.

John had always been afraid of his father. When he had had to confess some childish misdemeanor or accident, he had been so excessively frightened that his mother's heart had been troubled within her. Not that Sir Anthony was unduly harsh. He was not one to fly into a rage and cuff a child. On the contrary, there was a deliberation in the way he administered justice which John found more terrifying than violent temper could have been. Once, when he had let a pony down and hurt its knees, John would not face his father, but ran away into the woods and lived on nuts and blackberries, with an occasional slice of oat-cake and drink of milk from a cottage, till his mother found him and by her tears induced him to come home.

His father had been very angry on that occasion. In vain Madam had implored him not to frighten the boy. There was a double dose of disgrace for John—the bigger portion because he had shown cowardice by running away.

"You're making the lad soft," said Sir Anthony. "His brothers took their punishment like men."

"They have less imagination than John," said the mother. "He is no coward; he does not fear the punishment but your displeasure."

It was too fine for Sir Anthony. Nevertheless John took his punishment when it came, on that, as on later occasions, stoically enough. It was the preliminaries—the confessing, the expectation of wrath, that daunted him.

Sir Anthony McGrady had had an English public-school training, due to his mother, who had brought English blood into the family. He believed in the system as fanatically as any Englishman. So, at eight or nine years of age, each boy had been torn from his mother's arms and sent away to England to a preparatory school.

Madam McGrady had had six of such partings, and once she had known them as inevitable, the shadow of them had come as a little cloud in her sky almost as soon as the sons were born. Sir Anthony wanted all his sons to serve the Empire in one capacity or another. That the service should take them to the ends of the earth was an unimportant detail.

"My children are hardly born before I begin to lose them!" Madam McGrady complained to John, her confidant to whom she talked before he was old enough to understand what it was all about. John's deep velvety brown eyes could express a passionate sympathy even before he could follow Mamma's thoughts. John's arms round her neck, while the other boys ran trains and built bridges and fortresses, and played at soldiers on the nursery floor, brought an incredible amount of comfort to his mother's heart.

John had been at the mature age of four when he looked up from a picture-book to say: "When I am a man I will never leave my poor mother."

"That you won't, Master John,"

Mary Ellen Sheehy, his nurse, had said. "Not if you can help it. I never saw such nature in a child, ma'am. He and Miss Cissy"—Cecilia at that time was not yet ripe enough for heaven at two years old—"they do be talkin' all the mornin' in their little cots, an' it is all about their Mammie. Master John does be teachin' Miss Cissie to say, 'Isn't mother a darling?' and she does be tryin' to say it after him in her little way."

When the time had come for John to go off to the preparatory school at Reigate there was desolation in his mother's heart. John talked big, taking the cue from his brothers, three of whom had been at Dr. Blondelle's before him. Madam listened with a cold heart while John bragged and put on mannish airs. She was not convinced in the least. She herself packed John's trunk and playbox, while Ellen packed for the other boys. Every layer of garments was sprinkled with her tears.

The parting had been very quiet between John and his mother. The other boys, although they were dear too, hardly counted in the parting. They could do so much better without her than John. They were grieved to go, but she knew well that before they had reached the Junction their thoughts would be with the new term and the boys and the new fellows that were coming. Whereas John—John would not be so easily comforted.

She had not made any attempt to keep him, although there had been moments when she thought of imploring her husband to let her keep John, though she must lose the others—to let her keep John out of them all. He could go to school later—two years hence, a year hence, six months hence. She could have prayed as piteously for "a long day, my lord!" as any condemned criminal. Why need she lose John in his wise, gentle babyhood

—he was more babyish than the others at eight years old.

The words never passed her lips—were never said beyond her heart. John went, and Madam came to the nursery even more than of old, and would sit with the six-year-old Cecilia in her lap, not speaking. Or Mary Ellen Sheehy would find her in her own room on her knees. She was a woman who prayed a great deal, like the good woman of the poet, who

Ofteener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.

If there was any balm for the poor lady's heart in those days it came from her husband's increased tenderness to her. Not that it was very pronounced. Other people might have looked on and not discovered it at all. But it was there all the same, a sensibly increased tenderness to the poor woman who had had yet another child torn from her heart. It was a queer poignant delight to her when her husband kissed her and stroked back her hair, and asked her what she had been doing with herself during the long hours of his absence; for he had occupations that took him away every day. The pink flush would come, and her eyes would be suddenly suffused. She was still very much in love with her husband and proud that he had chosen her. But that very tenderness of his forbade any protest. He would have said coldly: "You must not make the boy soft. It is all very well in a woman, but in a man . . .!"

Was it all very well in a woman? He had never encouraged softness in her. He had come in and shaken hands with her after the birth of each of her children, without a word, as one soldier might with another, the two having escaped some deadly peril. She would not have had him unlike

that. He had impressed her imagination. She looked up to him and worshipped him. Yet, oh, how she missed John! How her heart was wrung with pity for his loneliness and strangeness in the school! She was sure he would not be happy. He adored Clew and everything connected with it. He would be so strange at school, her little boy.

Sometimes she would go out and talk to Donal Sheehy, working in the garden. Donal had a greater devotion to Madam than to his own mother, much as Mary Ellen had a greater devotion—at least openly—to the children she had nursed than to her own child. Madam would tell Donal the latest news of Master John, and Donal would look at her with eyes like the eyes of Sheila, the setter, fond and faithful.

Brian had written that John was keeping his end up, and Tony that John had got a nickname already, which showed that he was popular. John himself had written bravely, but with an ominous aching tenderness, if only she had known the omens. The brave words were smudged, perhaps by knuckles which had previously been thrust into wet eyes.

"There is one day-boy here, named Lee-Smith," John wrote. "Old Blondelle takes him to oblige his pater. It is very nice for Lee-Smith. He sees his mater every night."

Madam was reading the letter over for the twentieth time. She carried it about with her in the bosom of her frock, like a girl with her first love-letter. When she came to the passage about Lee-Smith she wept a little, and smiled and looked up at John's photograph by an amateur—a little lad in a white suit, sitting, his hands clasped about his knees—his eyes, looking up as though he listened to the piper playing the fairy tunes.

The door opened and Mary Ellen

Sheehy came in, forgetting to knock. In the corner of her apron, for lack of the customary tray, she carried a buff-colored envelope.

"I took it from Bridget Gorman on the stairs," she said. "Bad seran to them, I don't like the look o' them at all! I hope it isn't bad news that's in it. Th' impidence of the young snipe that brought it. He's waitin' for an answer, no less. I tould Bridget Gorman to go and box the two ears of him. What answer would you be makin' to bad news only to be bearin' it as well as you can?"

Madam had taken the telegram with a fluttering heart and dilated eyes. Like Mary Ellen she always associated a telegram with bad news, while her husband and children were out of sight.

"The young snipe did be sayin' to them below in the kitchen that it was what Master John had run away. God help him, where would the like of him be runnin' to? I'd be glad to have the pullin' of that lad's two long ears."

The envelope was opened at last: the flimsy bit of pink, that seemed to elude unfolding, unfolded at last. The penciled message had resolved itself into some kind of sense.

"Is John with you? Wire reply.—Blondelle."

CHAPTER II.

THE PRODIGAL.

Several days passed before they were reassured about John, long enough to bring the scared look to his mother's eyes and the sharpening to her delicate features: long enough to alarm his father, although he kept his alarm to himself: long enough for Bridget Gorman and Sibbie Murphy and the cook, Kate Anne Lynch, to discover winding-sheets on the candles and to remember many things that pointed to poor John's early death. Only Mary Ellen in the nursery

snapped the noses off the others when they brought her their gloomy forebodings—sang about her work in a cracked voice which had a sudden way of breaking down: was captious with Cecilia, a child of such sweetness that no one could be justly angry with her, and then gathered her in a fierce embrace—at the same time "lettin' a roar out of her that frightened the life out of the blessed lamb," to quote herself. Only Donal, digging in the garden, looked up when Madam came near, and, his look of hope fading as he saw her, said stoutly that he knew Master John was on his way home.

The fretting of Cecilia brought Madam to the nursery one of these days to find Mary Ellen weeping aloud, while she ironed Cecilia's frock.

"'Twas them dirty streels downstairs," sobbed Mary Ellen between "the roars," "wid their ould chat of windin'-sheets an' a coal like a coffin that jumped out of the kitchen-grate. Sarve them right if it had burned a hole in their shins! They're better at sittin' with their heels in the ashes than doin' their work. They made me feel down-like: but sure the worst o' them couldn't say they heard the banshee, and if the child wasn't safe *she'd be keenin'.*"

Madam McGrady went a little white and the pupils of her eyes dilated. "You are frightening me, Mary Ellen," she said gently. "I know you would not wish to do that. It is horrible talk, more fit for heathens than for Christians. My little boy is in the hands of the good God."

She went downstairs, wearing a look as of one who has been stabbed and is bleeding to death, though she carried herself bravely.

It was a fine, beautiful September day. She went out of the house, down the long avenue of beeches flecked with the sunlight and shadow. John's

setter, Sheila, followed at her skirt; the other dogs gamboled before her.

The avenue went downwards—an Irish mile to the entrance gates. Clew was nine hundred feet up. Before her lay the sea and the mouth of the Shannon river; the fishing fleet sat beyond the islands like a flock of sea-birds resting.

She saw nothing. She moaned as she hurried along, hurt to the heart. She had no idea of where she was going and no definite purpose in her mind. She was trying desperately hard to keep hold on her trust in God, her heart crying out against the cruelty of superstition which takes us out of the hands of God.

Suddenly Sheila darted from her skirt with a yelp. The dog had struck a trail—a scent. Off she rushed upon it, her nose to the ground, the other dogs nosing after her, less certain than she.

Sheila followed the scent, scurrying along joyfully till she dived through a gap in the rough hedge of thorns and briars which had grown up between the beech trees, beautiful now with the scarlet and crimson of hips and haws and the splendor of the leaves.

Madam followed the dog, her heart lifting with a wild hope towards what she knew she should find the other side of the gap, hidden by the hedge—John, ragged out of reason, in his clothes that had been new last week—muddy, travel-stained, red-eyed, unkempt—but John!

John in her arms, clinging about her neck, sobbing with joy and grief.

"I tried so hard to stay for your sake, and to please father. But I had to come back. It grew worse every day. Oh, darling, I can never leave you again. I slept in a ditch last night. Oh, what will father say?"

Madam laughed and cried over her prodigal. To the end of his days John was never to forget his mother's joy at getting him back—the warmth

of her welcome. She put out of her head what his father would or would not say. She carried John back as though he were the most precious and creditable son on earth, bathed him, fed him, put him to bed: he was exhausted after his adventures.

By the time Sir Anthony came home John was beyond minding much what his father thought of him or was likely to say to him. He was sleeping uneasily, with a very flushed face, and was talking a good deal, telling some one over and over that he could *not* stay. He was so sorry—John had always been a polite boy—they were very kind: but he must go: he was so sorry to distress them, but he could *not* stay.

Madam had braced herself up to tell Sir Anthony that John had come home. He had said very little about John's escapade after the first. She looked for her husband in the austere room—part office, part den—to which he usually went when he came in, before going upstairs to put on the somewhat shabby evening coat in which he dined out of the hunting season.

It was a rather depressed figure on which Madam opened the door. Obviously Sir Anthony had heard nothing of the news, having come in by the side door from the stable-yard. He was sitting with his back to her in his armchair before the fireless grate. Twilight was in the room. He did not turn round as she opened the door.

"Anthony," she said, "our little boy has come home."

"Thank God!"

The words escaped him before he had time to be grim.

"The young ruffian," he said, getting up briskly. "Did you wire to Blondelle? Yes? I am glad you remembered. It is most disgraceful of John."

Then he said something unexpected.

"It showed grit," he said. "It

showed grit. Not many little lads of eight would have done it. I'm sorry a son of mine should be sounddisciplined. Blondelle will probably refuse to take him back. What matter! It was courage of a sort. Let us hear his adventures."

They were not to hear John's adventures for many days to come. How John had hidden, and tramped, and fed on berries and roots, had met with good Samaritans and been helped along the road, had his ticket taken for him by a complete stranger; all this was only in John's inconsequent ravings for many days—till the feverish attack subsided, and he began to creep back to life, to be a little more like himself, only rather big eyed and thin.

Sir Anthony went out and shot the grouse on the mountains and the partridges in the stubble for the invalid, and tried to look grim as he asked after John's health: and there was something in his manner to his wife, as though there was a new bond of sympathy and understanding between them.

When John had been downstairs once or twice, and the doctor was talking of getting him back to his ordinary way of living, there came a day when Sir Anthony and Lady McGrady were entertaining a couple of neighbors to tea and General Milbanke was announced. General Milbanke was another old soldier, for whom Sir Anthony had a great respect. He had not called at Clew since John's escapade, though he and Sir Anthony usually saw a good deal of each other.

For a time the conversation steered clear of John: but at last Lily Chute, a blue-eyed, rosy girl of such soft and flowing lines as one often sees in Irish beauty—a Madonna type, with just a piquant addition of the huntress, of the boy—could not contain herself longer.

"Oh, Lady McGrady," she said. "May I run up and see John? I've brought *Chums* and the *Boy's Own Paper* and a game to amuse him. Do let me go and play it with him."

Lady McGrady glanced at her husband, and the soft, frightened pink came to her cheek. She was not sure how far John was to be kept in a judicious Coventry, now that he was recovering so fast.

"Yes, yes," said Sir Anthony. "It has been dull for the boy—worse than Blondelle's. Blondelle's was a dull hole—after this! It was a wet day the day I left John there. The shadows were creeping up the walls. The boys looked freakish. I don't know how our young barbarians stand it. Mustn't tell them so."

"Oh, Sir Anthony," said Mrs. Chute, a motherly rosy woman with eyes as blue as her daughter's and a rich Kerry brogue. "You won't send John away again, will you? There are boys who cannot bear to be torn away from home. Fortunately or unfortunately, they are not many. John is one of them—*dear John!*"

General Milbanke looked shocked. He was a clean, small, austere man, and the porcupine manner in which he brushed his hair up stiffly on top of his head gave him an argumentative and overbearing look.

"I didn't like to speak of it, McGrady," he said, "'pon my soul, I didn't. You can't thrash a boy when he's ill, or else I'd ask if you'd given him the stick. Not like a boy of yours to show the white feather. Of course, you'll send him back as soon as he's fit to travel?"

There was a sudden spark of anger in Sir Anthony's eye. That "white feather" had hit hard.

"Very much obliged to you for your sympathy," he said, drawing himself up stiffly. "I know you mean well, General, but I don't want any sym-

pathy about John. Not many boys would have done it. They'd have funk'd it, by Jove. Think of him starting out—a speck like John!—not a penny in his pocket to buy food—facing the three hundred miles with a stout heart. Upon my word I don't know that I am not proud of John."

"God bless my soul!" General Milbanke said. "Proud of a lad who'd run away from school! I never heard the like. Why, I had a young rascal of a nephew who did the same thing—he got any amount of thrashing. He ran home at first. Didn't run home after a time. Disappeared and was found in a gipsy caravan. Wanted to stay with the gipsies too, by Jove. Young rascal! Glad he wasn't mine!"

Sir Anthony turned away and talked to Mrs. Chute, who had made a violent change of conversation to bridge over an awkward moment, and was asking Sir Anthony if he had heard that Tony O'Flaherty had sold the little colt with the white star on his forehead for three figures, and was spending the money before he'd handled it.

Lady McGrady had looked up at her husband, her heart swelling with a new passionate gratitude towards him. He felt with her: he understood. It was more than she had dared to hope for. Her heart was lifted in praise to the Giver of all good things.

She said to herself that she must not expect it to continue. That would be too much to hope for: perhaps she hardly wished for it—an habitually soft-hearted person would not have been Anthony. She would be frightened if Anthony grew soft-hearted, lest it should be, as the peasants say, "the change before death that was on him."

She treasured up this temporary, amazing softness, looking forward to a day when she might need it, when she could bring this treasure out of her memory and remind herself of how good

her husband had been, how fond of the boy, how understanding, how sympathetic. She would remember how he had defended John against General Milbanke, eating his own words, going back on his own traditions.

One happy result of Sir Anthony's gentleness was that John never again showed the same fear of his father.

There were many occasions in the years when the boy was between nine and sixteen that called for magnanimity and forbearance on his father's part. Blondelle's was not John's last school, though it was his first. From all his schools John escaped and came home. At the fifth Sir Anthony gave it up, calling John a milksop, a mammy's boy, and various other things intended to be vituperative. He had a caustic manner with the boy, by this time; but no one could deny that John worked. He had taken to classics and he worked with a passionate pleasure in his work. There was an old priest, Father Francis, who came over to Clew to say Mass on Sundays. He was a Franciscan from St. Isidore in Rome, a Spaniard by birth, with a fine, proud, noble face. He had a taste for the classics, so he loved John who had a similar taste.

John read the classics with avidity under Father Francis's direction. He had the National schoolmaster from Cloughancely to teach him mathematics. The National schoolmaster has a great opinion of John's mental capacity. "I've set him a paper now, and a stiff one, but he'll smash it in no time," he said to Sir Anthony, meeting him on the stairs one day as he left after a lesson.

John did not smash the paper, greatly to Mr. O'Neill's disappointment.

"He always goes wrong at the ass's bridge," he said regretfully. "It's a pity he's so taken up with the dead languages. There's a deal of poetry in his mind too. You've only to look at the

eye of the lad. He'll be doing you credit one of these days, Sir Anthony—but not with mathematics, nor science."

"As a poet, perhaps," said Sir Anthony, with a fierce laugh.

It was a distinction he would not have appreciated that his son should be a poet. All very well for women. Any poets Sir Anthony had ever heard of had been freaks. A man had no business turning himself inside out for all the world to see.

"His mother's fault," he said to himself as he went into his office, where a tall, pink-cheeked young constable waited to see him on police business. "She's made the boy soft like herself. I won't have her turning him into a poet."

"Well, Larrissey, what is the matter now?" he asked aloud of the young constable.

"'Tis that the Widdy Muldoon's ducks has been trespassin' in Mr. Kelly's corn. He wants to proceed be summons. It's a matter of seven hundred and fifty ducks—trespassers, I mane, Sir Anthony . . ."

Sir Anthony had always known and had a superior tolerance for the weakness of his wife's love for poetry. There was a bookshelf by her bedside on which were oddly mingled poetry and books of mysticism, the youngest and the oldest poet side by side with the New Testament and the Imitation: Maeterlinck and John Tauler: Jacob Boehme and W. B. Yeats: Blake and St. Teresa: Pascal and Tagore: Synge and Francis Thompson; Marcus Aurelius and St. Augustine.

Sir Anthony had thought these things unwholesome reading. Himself he read no more than befitted a country gentleman and a soldier. But he conceded handsomely to his wife the right to please herself in minor matters, so long as she was always at his beck and call. He suspected her of writing poetry. In their long married life together he had been puzzled sometimes by the queer writings he found on scraps of paper on her writing-table or between the pages of a book. So long as she didn't want to publish them he did not mind. There might be something in them about their relationship to each other. Luckily, he could trust his wife's discretion. He smiled at the thought that another woman might have wanted to publish. Then he would have had to stop being tolerant and put his foot down. Fortunately his wife was not built that way.

Since John worked hard at his classics—harder sometimes than was desirable, according to his mother and the old doctor who had brought him into the world; not at all too hard for Sir Anthony, who blustered that what the world wanted was hard work and plenty of it—the father was magnanimous about the boy's oddities, such as his crooning poetry to himself at odd moments when he did not suspect a listener.

"All that will be knocked out of him when he goes to school," Sir Anthony said to himself. "Shrewsbury will teach him not to be a loony and a moony."

Poor gentleman!

(To be continued.)

WAR: THE LEVELER.

I.

Ever since the war began, people have been discussing its effect upon

class distinctions. The theme has been cropping up most unexpectedly in conversation and in print.

It must afford satisfaction to Mr. Rudyard Kipling that usually when talk of this kind is indulged in some one quotes the phrase: "Cook's son, Duke's son," from his ballad entitled "The Absent-Minded Beggar." It will be remembered that one of the refrains runs, in part, as follows:

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same today.

This ballad was written during the South African war, which was a small affair compared with the world-conflict that is now going on. We are left to infer that if the Boer war produced a sense of equality among Britons of varying degree, the present struggle has wiped out social distinctions.

Sir James Barrie, the Scottish playwright, made an attempt last year to reflect from the stage, the effect of the war upon society. He devoted the best part of the last scene in "A Kiss for Cinderella" to the development of this theme.

The action took place in a convalescent home, where the heroine of the play, acted by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, one of the stars of the metropolitan stage, had been taken to recover after lying for hours unconscious in the open during a snow-storm. Danny, a wounded soldier, who had been a plumber before he joined the colors and fared forth to France to fight for his King and country, was convalescing at the same place. He let Cinderella as well as the audience into the secret that the pretty nurse, whom he had seen, morning after morning, scrubbing the floor, was a nobleman's daughter. Danny enjoyed the situation exceedingly. He behaved as if associating with a Peer's daughter was quite the ordinary thing for him.

While Danny, Cinderella, and the

nurse were drinking tea as equals, Danny asked the Lady whether, when the war was over, and he, once more a plumber, was called in to attend to a leak in the plumbing of her father's palatial residence, she would invite him to take tea with her, and would feel the same towards him that she did when he was a wounded soldier under her care in a hospital. Neither he nor she was quite clear as to what the outcome of such a situation would be. The audience was equally puzzled.

Mr. J. E. Harold Terry, an unknown playwright, dared to forecast the future in his play entitled "General Post." The manuscript originally went to the London Repertory Theater, which is making a special effort to develop dramatic genius by encouraging young playwrights. It was accepted, but later was released, and is now being produced at the Theater Royal Haymarket, where it is drawing large audiences.

"General Post" is not a serious sociological study. On the contrary, it is a comedy which, but for the genius of the players who appear in it might degenerate into a farce. The principal parts are taken by Miss Madge Titheradge, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Mr. Norman McKinnel, and Mr. George Tully, artists who act with consummate skill, and great favorites with London theater-goers.

The first act takes place in 1911—before the war. We find the young daughter of a country squire, Sir Dannels Broughton, in love with her father's tailor, Edward Smith, a man with ideas and ideals as well as a clever cutter and fitter. She glories in her love for him when taken to task for her indiscretion by her father, mother, and brother. Immediately after she has been reprimanded by her scandalized family, she proposes marriage to the man, only to be rejected by him on the plea that a "trades-

man" cannot afford to offend his best customer.

The tailor is a Captain in the Territorial force. The Baronet tries to show him the folly of the Territorial movement. He declares that you can never expect to make an army out of the kittle-cattle and scum of society, which is his characterization of the people who belong to the Territorials. He says that no one of the better classes will have anything to do with the Force. He prophesies that if war with Germany should come, which he is positive never will happen, the Territorials will be worse than useless.

In the second act, which takes place in the middle of March, 1915, we see the erstwhile tailor turned into the Colonel of a battalion about to proceed to the front. The young woman's brother, who, in the first act, had impressed us as a very flabby aristocrat who "took three years to pass his little-go" (something like our F.A.), has been gazetted as a subaltern and posted to the same battalion. The Baronet has joined the Home Defense Force, and is serving as private. The daughter is four years older and embittered, though she hides her pain under a cloak of flippancy. The aristocratic mother is just where she was four years before, with all her petty class prejudices.

Lady Broughton is shocked when she discovers that her son is serving under his father's ex-tailor, and is compelled to "Sir" him each time he opens his mouth. She is horrified that her husband should be a private in a Force the sergeant of which is the son of their lodge-keeper and one of their own stablemen. She is aghast when her husband salutes his erstwhile tailor, and shows the tailor's brother over the farm. She is beside herself with anger when Sir Denny stands at attention when the Colonel leaves,

and escorts him to the motor car in which her son is to take him and his brother to the tailor shop in the nearby village.

In the third act the war has ended—it is 19—. The tailor has now become Brigadier-General Smith, V.C. He is one of the heroes of Gallipoli, the most sought-after man of the whole countryside, the idol of every marriageable girl and her mamma. The Baronet is one of the crowd of worshipers. The Lady, to be sure, finds it still difficult to forget that he was a tailor, but when she learns that he will soon be a Baronet, and later a Peer, she is quite as eager as her husband to catch him for their daughter—the same girl whom he had refused several years before.

The young lady, smarting with shame and humiliation at having proposed to a "tradesman" and been refused by him, feels that she can never marry him, although she is assured that he has been madly in love with her all the time, and that it was to protect her that he rejected her offer. All ends well, however, as things usually do behind "the foot-lights." She promises to marry him, and everybody is happy.

In spite of the playwright's optimism and the players' skill, one is left with the feeling that the future will not be as roseate as it is pictured. One can imagine that awkward problems will arise when the squire and his lady shall have to invite their son-in-law's tailor-brother and his wife to dinner occasionally, and to pay calls on them in return. The war has turned the whole world topsy-turvy, and somehow or other one believes that it will take more than a love affair to set things straight once again.

Many days have gone by since I sat watching the plot of "General Post" unfold. My mind remains, however, occupied with the question as to how

much of what was presented on the stage reflected real life.

The question is complex. One has to find out how far class distinctions have actually broken down during the war as the direct result of the struggle. One has further to discover how far the effects now discernible are likely to be permanent. The second part of the question, being of a speculative nature, is more difficult to answer than the first though even that is not easy to answer.

Let us examine the facts.

The war has compelled the British to make the greatest military effort in their history. An army of over 5,000,000 officers and men has been organized. Several millions of men have been enlisted for war-work of one kind or another to keep the armies supplied with shot and shell, raiment and food. Still more millions have been engaged in work of national importance—the production of food and ships—essential to the existence of the British people.

These efforts have violently disturbed the pre-war conditions of life in the United Kingdom. "Rich men, poor men, beggar-men, thieves, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs," aristocrats, and socialists, drones and toilers, dandies and dust-men, have been called to the colors, auxiliary forces, munition factories, and national service, to fight the foe with gun, hammer, or spade, as the case may be. They have been mingling their blood on the battlefield or sharing the danger of explosion in munition works, or working shoulder to shoulder on the land. There have been cases in which the sons of Peers, Baronets, and Knights, have carried on their backs the wounded sons of low-born persons from the danger-zone to places of safety. The rank and file of the Army are full of high-born men serving under Non-Commissioned Offi-

cers and even Commissioned Officers who have no lineage to boast of.

These facts are indisputable, and are used by many students of social conditions to prove their contention that the war has leveled social distinctions.

Such conclusions appear to me to be ultra-optimistic. Social distinctions are deeply rooted. The great storm that has been raging since the autumn of 1914, may have badly shaken them, but they still remain almost as firmly fixed as they ever were.

Take the Army. It is true that the Commissioned rank is not monopolized by the so-called "ruling classes," as absolutely as it was before the war. But the monopoly is far from gone. The commissioned officers who have risen from the masses are few and far between.

The mere presence of men of different stations in life in the same battalion does not necessarily compel them to be on intimate terms. Each man can choose his own "pal." So long as human nature is human nature, he is likely to choose one who has been brought up in the surroundings in which he has been reared, and whose outlook on life is similar to his own. Exceptions will occur of course, but they are exceptions, and not the rule.

I have known of cases where men swept by the irresistible current of war into the company of their "inferiors" have chafed against such propinquity. They have complained of the strong language that their companions habitually used. They have objected to their lower standards of cleanliness and morals. The difference in the mental horizon made intimacy impossible.

Propinquity cannot permanently bridge the gulf between the cultured and the uncultured, and between the educated and the barely literate.

The spirit of comradeship born of the war may cause a person to feel kindly towards one with whom he would not have held any intercourse in peace time. Real friendship is not, however, possible. Marriage is still less possible. There have been few inter-class marriages during the last thirty months, although in hospitals and convalescent homes men and women of different classes have come in intimate contact with one another, in the service of their nation.

The lines quoted from "The Absent-Minded Beggar" at the beginning of this paper serve as a warning against undue optimism. If the South African war had abolished class distinctions between "Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—son of a Lambeth publican," they re-asserted themselves quickly after peace came. It is true that the present struggle has been on a stupendous scale, and its effects are more far-reaching than those of any previous conflict. War conditions, however, cannot last forever. It is, consequently, unwise to count upon the permanency of any fellowship that has resulted from the propinquity caused by warfare and is not based upon moral and spiritual affinity.

In my judgment, therefore, the effect of the war upon class distinctions is of a very limited character.

II.

The effect of the war on sex distinctions may next be studied.

The womanhood of the United Kingdom that was denied the vote on the plea that it would be worse than useless in time of war, has been called upon to take its place beside the manhood of the nation in every form of war-work with the exception of actual fighting. Many of the occupations that were deemed to necessitate the employment of men

are now largely "manned" by women, and everyone praises their patriotism and their efficiency.

The mobilization of women has violently disturbed the class distinctions in Britain. In hospitals and munition factories, titled ladies are working alongside women who have left domestic service in order to help their country in its hour of need.

A recent visit to the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstons, Regent Park, founded by Sir C. Arthur Pearson, "the blind Baronet," furnished me with a striking instance. I found the daughter of a Peer and the daughter of an ex-President of the United States of America unostentatiously going about the place in nurse's uniform. Had not a friend told me who they were, I could not have distinguished them from the other women of humbler origin, who were engaged in the same mission of mercy.

As in the case of men, women of different grades of society who are working together in patriotic causes have not necessarily become intimate friends. Women may share the same danger, and freely talk with each other, but if their habits of life, their mental outlook, and their ideals vary, their association is not likely to be of a lasting character. Because a Princess has volunteered to work in the kitchen of a hospital, cutting off the heads and tails of herrings and preparing them for the wounded soldiers who are being nursed back to health and strength in the institution, it does not follow that she will find a congenial companion in a kitchen-maid.

Sex differentiation, however, falls in a category by itself. During recent decades the feeling against sex distinction has been steadily rising, and the war has given a great impetus to such feeling. In the United Kingdom, in France, and in all the Allied coun-

tries, women have acquired a national importance such as they never before possessed.

Opposition to the enfranchisement of women and to their admission into all departments of economic activity has not of course disappeared altogether. Such an attitude, however, is taken by the irreconcilable.

Many persons, some of them very influential who formerly looked down upon women, have been converted to the women's cause. In the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons, so eminent a politician as Mr. H. H. Asquith confessed that his opposition to the enfranchisement of women had been removed by the splendid work that the women had done during the war. Mr. Walter Long, the Secretary of State for the Colonies made a similar confession. I quote a passage from Mr. Asquith's speech to show the influences that have brought about the conversion:

"The House of Commons will not be unprepared to hear that I myself, and I believe many others, no longer regard this question (woman suffrage) from the standpoint which we occupied before the war. During the whole of my political life I have opposed the various schemes which from time to time have been presented to Parliament for giving the Parliamentary vote, whether piecemeal or wholesale, to women; while it is only right that I should say that I have as consistently advocated and done my best to promote the opening out to women of other spheres of activity which have been in the past confined exclusively to men.

"Why and in what sense, the House may ask, have I changed my views? . . . I am not the least ashamed—indeed I am glad to have the opportunity—to disclose the process which has operated in my mind.

"My opposition to woman suffrage has always been based, and based

solely, on considerations of public expediency. I think that some years ago I ventured to use the expression 'Let the women work out their own salvation.' Well, they have worked it out during this war. How could we have carried on the war without them? Short of actually bearing arms in the field, there is hardly a service which has contributed or is contributing to the maintenance of our cause in which women have not been at least as active and as efficient as men; and wherever we turn we see them doing with zeal and success, and without detriment to the prerogatives of their sex, work which three years ago would have been regarded as falling exclusively within the province of men. That is not a matter of sentiment. It appeals to our feelings as well as our judgment.

"What I confess moves me still more in this matter is the problem of reconstruction when the war is over. The questions which will then necessarily arise in regard to women's labor and women's functions and activities in the new ordering of things—for, do not doubt it, the old order will change—are questions in regard to which I, for my part, feel it impossible consistently either with justice or with expediency to withhold from women the power and the right of making their voice directly heard. Let me add that since the war began we have had no recurrence of that detestable campaign which disfigured the annals of political agitation in this country, and no one can now contend that we are yielding to violence what we refused to concede to argument. I, therefore, with, I believe, many others who have hitherto thought with me in this matter, am prepared to acquiesce in the general decision of the majority of the Conference that some measure of woman suffrage should be conferred."

Conversions of such eminent politicians as Mr. Asquith are important. They make it possible to entertain the hope that women will become enfranchised before long.

It is, however, to be noted that the scheme suggested by the majority of the Speaker's Committee, to which Mr. Asquith referred in the passage quoted, does not propose to enfranchise women on the same basis as men. A much higher age limit, on which agreement was not reached, is to be imposed upon women than is the case with men.

This device is employed in order to keep down the number of women electors. As the females of the United Kingdom slightly exceed the males in number, effort is being made to insure that the women's vote shall not become predominant. It, therefore, follows that even if women are enfranchised, political differentiation on the sex basis will still remain though to a less extent than at present.

The future that awaits the women who, for the first time, have entered gainful occupations during the war, still remains a mystery. Many of them are occupying positions that their employers have promised to give back to the men who vacated them to join the army, when their service to their country is over. Many of the fighters will, of course, not return. Many more will not wish to go back to their old employment, but will prefer to find something else to do, or even to emigrate to one of the Over-Sea Dominions, to live under new conditions. In any event, with the return of peace, many women will lose the situations that they are at present occupying.

The pessimist would have us believe that the women who are crowded out will find it difficult to secure other employment. I, myself, do not share this gloomy view. The ravages caused

by the war have been great. Time and money will be required to repair the damage that has been done. These operations will offer work, during the period of transition, to persons who are at present prosecuting the war, and who may otherwise find it difficult to support themselves. If the army and munition workers are demobilized in such a manner that they do not disorganize the labor market, the nation will be spared much depression and misery.

I am not sanguine to the point of believing that the women will be able to retain a foothold in all the trades and professions in which they are at present employed. I am not even sure that women will want to remain in some of the positions that they are at present filling. It is clear, on the other hand, that some of the indoor callings that were formerly monopolized by men have permanently passed out of their hands.

It is not at all likely that the era of friction between men and women over gainful occupations has been for all time closed by the war. In fact, such conflict has not disappeared, even during the course of hostilities. Opposition has been offered by almost every section of organized male labor to women encroaching upon their preserves. At times it has been very difficult for the authorities to overcome this obstruction. When the war is over, this pent-up energy is bound to assert itself.

In the meantime, women workers are increasing in number, and are acquiring influence and power. Female labor being cheaper than male labor, and not always less efficient, allowance for cheapness of cost being made, the employers are likely to stand by the women workers. Any opposition that is brought to bear against the women who have entered callings that were closed to them

previously, will not, therefore, have everything its own way.

Whatever may happen in future, the war has emancipated women from many prejudices, and given them national importance. Who could have foretold that such results would follow the greatest conflict in the world's history? On the contrary, many pessimists feared, at the outbreak of

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hostilities, that the struggle might lower the prestige of women, because they could not engage in fighting. The women, however, rose to the occasion, and established a new record of service, *patriotism and efficiency*. Their sacrifices are not likely to be forgotten during the era of reconstruction that will follow the era of destruction.

St. Nihal Singh.

EMERSON, CICERO AND THE STOICS.

Some months ago I chanced to take Emerson, as I usually do when I am depressed, always like Matthew Arnold finding him an abiding refuge and friend to all those who would "live in the spirit." And, curiously enough, during my reading I was again stopped short, as so often before, by a single sentence, and one, too, which had puzzled me for thirty years, but which I had always lightly skipped over, as some far-off mystical intrusion into Emerson's sky of an alien thought, to be interpreted only in a cryptic, remote, or quasi-Pickwickian sense. The sentence runs to the effect that the only true philosophy of the world is to be found "in the fgment of the Stoics." Strange! I thought to myself again, that this Pagan utterance should come from Emerson, a nineteenth century thinker, born in Christian times. I knew, of course, that Emerson had turned the Trinity upside down, as it were; that he had put the Holy Spirit—or Over-Soul, as he calls it—in the place of God the Father; that, as a Unitarian, he had abolished the Divinity of Christ; and that he had relegated God Himself, as we understand Him, to a vague historical tradition merely. In other words, he had dissolved the Deity, with His active *executive*, controlling power, His governance and

initiative—and, if you will, His miracles, interpositions, and the rest—into a kind of abstract phantom; and (now that Christ the Son was eliminated) had given the World over to the passive member of the Trinity—the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Inspirer—as to some pure and beautiful, sweetly-gentle Mother and Nurse of Mankind, who was to lead us by her mild, persuasive sway, to our own salvation. But that Emerson should decline on some old Pagan Stoicism, and identify his Over-Soul with it as the summit at once of Religion and Philosophy—I could not understand!

It was soon after reading Emerson's Essay that I took up by a happy chance, Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, where alone the utterances of the great founders of the Stoic, Epicurean, and other schools are given in detail, the originals being long since lost. Now, in these *Tusculan Disputations* of Cicero, the point raised is: "What is the Supreme Good of Man, and on what foundation does it rest?" After reading carefully the arguments of the different protagonists in these dialogues, I must confess that had I not known beforehand the *evolution* of these different systems of Pagan Thought from one another, I should have found myself, like Cicero, so entangled in the logical meshes of their

argumentation, that I should have been obliged to give the problem up, and become, like him, an Eclectic, picking out a plum here and there perhaps for my own personal satisfaction, but, for the rest, falling back with Cicero on the doctrine that in all these "high matters," we can attain to no *certainty*, but only to a "greater or less probability." As for the Epicureans, I felt with Cicero that their doctrines were to be thrown out altogether, as a disgrace to human nature itself!

What, then, was the Stoic's Deity, or as Emerson would call it, his Over-Soul? It was not a God the Father, for in no Pagan philosophy whatever, Stoic or another, was there any God of Love. That alone in all religions and philosophies, came in with Christianity. Nor was it a Spiritual Being as such; nor yet a purely Intelligent One (with some kind of center somewhere, as we imagine it); but it was like the over-arching sky, a kind of abstract diffused Providence, overlooking the world as a whole, while separate from it. It had *special extension*, too, and was made up of sublimated matter of the nature of fire or fiery ether, of which both Intelligence and Soul were, in some obscure way, *qualities*. As such, too, it existed in the mind of each individual man, over-arching it, and separate from it, as a Judge and Lawgiver, but, humanly speaking, without Love; overlooking all our thoughts and actions with its warning finger, but without in any sense interfering with our own free will.

Now, all this was to the Stoics as much a truism and commonplace as it was to Emerson; and we have now to ask, how it practically affected the actions of these men? It did not make half-naked anchorites of them, as the Hindoo religion did. What it did was to make Stoics of them; that

is to say, men like Brutus and Cato, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, who walked abroad freely, mingling in the politics and other activities of the world, while despising its vanities and ambitions, its joys and griefs and sorrows, with all the confusions and mental perturbations they brought in their train. For with the Stoics, all these things were purely and flatly indifferent, "neither good nor evil," as they said; their sole concern in such a world being to keep their own skirts pure and unspotted, and for the rest, to find in their rapt contemplation of their abstract, pure and Providential Soul (at once Universal, and private to each and every man), their harmony, their peace and rest. It was a splendid dream. But should the rough world press too hardly on them, what then? They could always walk out of it at will, and at any time—by suicide. For, in that way, as Seneca said, "the door is always open"; or as Æmilius Paulus (in other words) to the King of Macedon whom he was leading to Rome in chains: "If you cannot face it, you can end it here and now; do it if you will, and I will walk by."

How, then, does Cicero, who takes the part of "chorus" to the separate speakers in these *Tusculan Disputations*, feel in regard to this lofty, transcendental Ideal of the Stoics? He admires it from afar; but has to confess that *personally* he cannot do justice to it! Indeed, when he thinks of it, and its cold unapproachable heights, he flags and almost faints with the sense of his hopeless inability to reach it. But why? In the first place, unlike Brutus and Cato, he was not *certain* of the existence of this transcendental Over-Soul within him, and separate from him; but held it as at best only a matter of "more or less probability." Besides, in high Statesmanship, and in his whole-souled

devotion to the great Roman Republic which had given to his rare abilities, as an orator, their splendid setting, he frankly admits that in the purely human honor which it brought him, he found every satisfaction his soul could desire in this world. And the consequence was that in his Philosophy he was obliged to fall back from this lofty, icy peak of the Stoics, to one which, if lower in its elevation, was more warm and sunny and reassuring. It was that of the Platonists and Aristotelians, whose doctrine in substance amounted to this: that there were other things besides this Ideal Providence and Over-Soul of the Stoics that were worthy of a life's devotion; as, for example, personal honor and integrity, laudable worldly ambition, pure human love, disinterested friendship and generosity. Cicero was aware, of course, that these merely human compliances of his would seem to his Stoic friends as great a descent from their high Ideal as if he had lain down on his back in the "sty of Epicurus" himself! But he, with his Platonists and Aristotelians, still insisted that you cannot divorce these high human sentiments from your bleak and icy Over-Soul without deforming and devitalizing it. You cannot, for example, divorce from it a mother's love for her children, and her grief for their loss; a patriot's sorrow for the misfortunes of his country; a high-minded man from the tears he sheds for the loss of his honor. On the contrary, these purely human sentiments—foibles you may call them—will warm and enrich your devotion to your icy Ideal, as the lower-lying forests and flowers do the Alpine peaks. They will inlay your cold, over-arching sky with patines of pure gold, which will shine like stars, and "in their motions like the angels sing."

Now, I must confess that, having

read over these *Tusculan Disputations*, not in the heyday of youth when generous emotions, high ideals, and ambitions are rife, but in my cold, old age, I still agree with Cicero, and am obliged to line up beside him. But the Stoics themselves, hard pressed here, renewed their attacks on our comfortable, easy complacency; and in their way, and at the first blush, I must say outflanked us! For, said they, if you once permit your mind to be diverted for a moment from the pure Spirit within you, and decline on merely human love, honor, integrity, ambition, friendship, and the rest (however disinterested they may be) you will let in the sea; you will not only have blurred the purity of the Over-Soul within you, but beginning with these shifting expediences, you will soon end by obliterating it altogether. For consider it well—or have you forgotten it?—that you cannot have love without jealousy; high ambition without envy or detraction; the elevation of one man without disparagement of another; in a word, all the old, mixed confusion of the sentiments and passions from which it is the aim of Philosophy to purge and purify you, and which can only be done by ignoring and despising them all alike, and fixing your mind alone on the Over-Soul. If not, observe the consequence—that this zigzag of yours between love and hate, honor and detraction, ambition and fear (each of which necessarily involves the other somewhere in your human life) will, as it crosses and intercrosses the pure, over-arching curve of the Supreme Soul, as surely blur and obliterate it as when you obliterate a line of curve on paper by running your pencil to and fro across it. There is no natural human sentiment or passion without its opposite, as there is no natural sunlight without somewhere its shade.

What, then, were we to say to this?

Poor Cicero, a year after the *Tusculan Disputations* were written, went to his death by the sword of Antony and the problems raised in the *Disputations* remained as he had left them, until the Stoic ideal was revived again by Emerson in the nineteenth century, under entirely new conditions. In the meantime, all these Pagan schools alike—Stoic, Platonic Aristotelian, and Epicurean—were destined to be swallowed up, embodied or lost, in the rising tide of Christianity; until, after the closing of the Schools of Athens by Justinian, they ceased as such altogether. The first of their doctrines to be embodied in Christianity (and one transformed by the Divine Love which Christianity gave to the Deity) was that first principle of the Stoics—namely, that the Divine Providence of the World was both *material* and had *spacial* extension. This was introduced by Tertullian (himself a converted Stoic) in the “saving efficacy” of the *material* bread and wine in the Sacrament, in the consecrated wafers and the rest. But in other matters, Tertullian, like Origen after him, deviated too far from Church tradition, and was condemned as a heretic; and although perhaps the ablest of the Early Fathers, has never been canonized as a Saint.

Shortly after this, Platonism itself was absorbed by the Early Church; and transformed (again by the doctrine of Divine Love) from the abstract, metaphysical, and *impersonal* Trinity of Neo-Platonism—the “One,” the “Logos,” and the “World-Soul”—into the *personal* Trinity of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. After this came a lull in the development of Church doctrine from Pagan sources, which continued through the whole Middle Ages, until Aquinas wove the great doctrines of Aristotle (on the Psychology of the

Mind and the Physical structure of the Universe) into the fabric of Catholic Theology, and so gave that final setting to Roman Catholic doctrine which is authoritative to this hour. And now that Spiritualism, with its “spooks” and ghosts and “mediums” is overtopping, and even patronizing, both Catholic and Protestant alike, where is poor, bewildered Christianity to look for salvation? And yet I feel bound in honesty to say, that for the great Christian Church, with its still mighty, imposing, and compacted organization, to stand by and see its congregations slipping away silently one by one from its pews, its aisles, and its confessionals, and be found secretly in the parlors of soothsayers and necromancers, argues some great decadence *somewhere*. The fact is, Christians do not even seem to know that it was largely to put down these same soothsayers and necromancers who now affect to despise it, that Christianity, with its denunciations of these “principalities and powers” of St. Paul, came into the world at all.

And now we have to ask: How Emerson contrived to whitewash and revivify in the nineteenth century the Stoic doctrine of the Over-Soul, as an Entity separate and apart from the *natural human faculties*, but over-arching them, as a pure sky, in the minds of each and all of us? Cicero, as we have seen, with his tail of Platonists and Aristotelians, took the icy chill off the Stoic Ideal by warming and humanizing it; the Stoics out-flanked them in turn by showing that the zigzag of all human emotions whatever (where the good inevitably necessitated the bad) would end by obliterating both the Moral Ideal and the Over-Soul altogether. Christianity following on, swallowed up all these Pagan Philosophies in turn by embodying them, piecemeal as it were, in its Creed, along the course of the

centuries. But Emerson imagined he could see his way to reinstate the Stoic Over-Soul in its purity and as a separate entity—not as the Stoics did, by *ignoring* all human sentiments and passions alike, and stamping them out with contempt; but by leaving them alone to act and react on one another in their confused mixture; and then, by putting an electric current, as it were, from the pure Over-Soul down and through them, to draw all that was pure gold in them up to itself; and so to inlay and enrich it with all the warmth and glow which Cicero so much desiderated, precisely as in electro-plating, where the pure gold in the chemical mixture is separated out and drawn to the one end, and the poor dross and alloy is driven to the other. And all this Emerson proposed to do by his well-known Law of Compensation or Polarity, as he called it, which he drew from Modern Physical Science, where, as we know, all physical changes whatever in Matter and Motion, follow the law of action and reaction, of attraction and repulsion, of positive and negative; in a word, of Polarity and Compensation; where each and all of them check and “hold up” each other, as it were.

And this law, he declared, applied to the Human Soul as well. For the intimate presence to the Mind of the Over-Soul, acting through this Law of Polarity or Compensation (of which the Law of Right and Wrong is an example) will enable the confused mixture of the sentiments and passions to *clarify themselves* out; indeed, it will force them to do so. The high sentiments of Love, Reverence and Duty will, like pure gold, crowd around the Over-Soul, as to their Paradise and natural home; the lower and baser ones to the opposite pole, their Inferno; while the poor conscious human creature himself looks help-

lessly on, and sees himself, to his surprise, forced into a Heaven or Hell of his own making! And that, too, precisely and mathematically according to the nobility, purity, or baseness of every thought, motive, word or action. No humbug, pose, appearance or dodging will avail. Emerson declares that you can see and read it all, in a man's eye, his gait, his attitude, his gesture, his manners, and his conversation; registering, as in a *moral* thermometer, his degradation or ascent in the scale of Being.

Now, what am I to say to all this? I propose (and, I trust, with all becoming modesty) to deny the existence of any Over-Soul whatever in the Mind, as a separate Spiritual entity, divorced from, or outside and apart from the *ensemble* of the merely *natural* human faculties, sentiments, passions or desires; and would venture to put in its place a simple *natural hierarchy of these attributes themselves*, which shall carry each its own dignity and credentials with it, as in a Court Ceremonial. This hierarchy I have elsewhere called “the Scale in the Mind,” by which I mean, that Truth, Duty, Beauty, and Love will find of themselves their place at the top; the less pure feelings of Honor, Ambition, Self-respect, and other *differentia* of these, in the middle register; and Cruelty, Greed, Lust, Animality, Revenge, and the like, at the bottom. And these ranked attributes I would refer quite frankly and simply to *the functions of those parts of the brain and nervous system from which they proceed*. For observe, that although their strength varies: first, in accordance with the individual's general health; and, secondly, with the special stimuli and “inhibitions” to which in the jostlings of this rough and tumble world they are all alike subject—so that sometimes all rank or scale whatever is, for the time being, as

absolutely lost as in a drugged, or drunk, or dreamless sleep; still, I will venture to say that in spite of this, if you cannot get your high Moral Ideal or Over-Soul out of this simple Scale in the normal action of the Mind, you will never get it in this world or another. But what does this wire-drawn distinction of yours mean, the reader will ask? It means what it points to, namely, not to a *separate* Over-Soul in the mind, but to a Supreme, Designing Intelligence (of the nature of God shall we say?) somewhere in the vast Universe; if not in Matter, or in the Ether, then somewhere else or beyond.

As for the second sheet-anchor of Emerson which enabled him to revivify the old Stoic attitude to life, namely, his Law of Compensation, which, it is to be observed, was a Law for Nature (not for the Over-Soul), I propose to combat it by falling back on another doctrine of mine—"the Doctrine of the Herd"—which I was the first, I believe, to introduce into Social Philosophy, some years ago, in my controversy with the Socialists in the *Fortnightly Review*. What I said, in effect, was this: that human beings are not in essential nature *separate* individuals at all, any more than cattle or a swarm of bees are; that they are a herd rather, who march through Time in families, groups, tribes or nations, and under the guidance of Leaders; even if, like Roman slaves, there are no *visible* ropes or chains bringing them together: that, in a word, they are of the nature of sheep, connected by *invisible unconscious* bonds, of the same nature as is seen in the ordinary phenomena of hypnotism; and without which bonds indeed, regulated families, tribes and nations (now under the guidance of Leaders, better or worse) would cease to exist except as the individuals of distracted anarchic crowds merely.

For, consider it;—all our ambitions, passions and desires refer themselves to others *outside* of ourselves, as single bricks do to their collateral adhesions; otherwise they become a dead amorphous heap. Even Diogenes in his tub, and Thersites with his gibes, could not escape the influence of the thronging herd of human souls around them. Indeed, what are we all but congealed *echoes*, if not slaves, in Religion—of some Moses, Buddha, Mahomet, of some *ex cathedra* Papacy, of Luther, or Calvin, or George Fox; in Philosophy—of Plato, of Aristotle, of Bacon, of Hegel, or Herbert Spencer; in Science—of Darwin, Faraday, and the few great men in their several departments, from whom (at once creative and representative) the *regulated evolution* of all civilized nations proceeds? Indeed, all Political or Social systems whatever that would treat men as if they were free and separate individual units, are illusions of the mind; and if acted on, one and all must end in Utopias and dreams.

But how does all this bear on Emerson? It will leave his Over-Soul, and his Law of Compensation as applied to Morals, wrecked on the beach, stranded on the high shore of Thought, beyond touch with the moving currents of the present intellectual world. For now that the Law of Evolution, and the doctrine of "the Herd," are here as the twin First Principles of Social-Philosophy, a new panorama opens for its study and a new approach to its methods and problems. For now we can see that there is no *general* Over-Soul for all the nations and tribes of Humanity alike, but that each *makes its own*, for the regulation of the lives of its individual members, each having its own "Code of Honor," and its own standard of "Right and Wrong." Some Polynesian tribes make murder their

highest virtue—as was the case also in India with the Thugs. Where, then, is Emerson's Over-Soul, common to all men alike? Even now, in some nations of Europe, the so-called "Law of Honor" demands that a "gentleman" must, on due provocation, fight a duel, on pain of temporal, if not of eternal damnation. What common Moral Law of Compensation, then, applies here? or one which, if they neglect, will degrade these men in their own esteem, or in the scale of Being? Where will you find evidences of this degradation (as Emerson imagined he saw) either in their eye, their gait, their voice, their manners, or their general demeanor? Nowhere. On the contrary, the strut, the attitude, the domination of the eye, as these Prussian Junker heroes of the herd look over their noses at you in their pride, are all accentuated! Where again, I ask, is either the common Over-Soul or the common Law of Compensation proper to all mankind alike? It is a dream of the gentle Emerson, sitting alone in the isolation of his Concord parsonage; and, in saying so, I am doing him no injustice.

And yet, I feel I must not leave Emerson in this shabby way: he who was my great and beloved Master—the instructor of my youth, and still the inspirer of my old age—in fear lest, like Hamlet in sight of his father's ghost, "being so majestic," I might even appear to offer him "a show of violence." What in Emerson I revere

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is not his Over-Soul or Law of Compensation, but what one would least expect in him—his penetration into all the ways of the world and of human life; the breadth of his comprehension; and the rare serenity and beauty of his high and noble character, pure and somewhat cold as it is, like that of his great Stoic predecessors of the Ancient World. Even Carlyle, in many points his polar opposite, was obliged to confess that in his "Essays," his "English Traits," and his "Conduct of Life," Emerson alone of all his contemporaries had spoken to him a "reasonable word." To me, too, in my humble judgment, his works remain incomparable to this hour. To any or all of those of the "Epigoni" who would "damn him with faint praise," or by patronage appear to depreciate him, I would say, in the words of Cæsar in his eulogium on Pompey (in *Beaumont and Fletcher*) when the Egyptians who had killed Pompey expressed a wish to give his remains an Egyptian burial:

No! brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but
Heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his
greatness
To which I leave him.

Adieu! therefore, great and gentle spirit, while this confused twilight of existence lasts; may we meet where or when, if ever, this twilight has become day.

John Beattie Crozier.

MACKELLAR LEAVES THE MESS.

By "ÆSCULAPIUS."

(Concluded.)

After lunch that day Fitz-Boodle called Mackellar a liar. Mackellar asked him to recant. Fitz-Boodle refused. Mackellar "saw red," and

knocked him down. He then went on deck.

Now, Fitz-Boodle's messmates were secretly pleased with this *débâcle*.

Every leader has his day, and they had been growing restive of late under Fitz-Boodle's domineering ways. In fact, the first-lieutenant said, "the mess would be a jolly sight pleasanter without that fellow," alluding to Fitz-Boodle.

Unhappily, the navigator, Lieutenant-Commander Barnwell, coming into the ward-room at that moment, took the matter up the wrong way. The tortuous working of his mind was always leading him to false conclusions when it came to social matters. He regarded Mackellar as an interloper. Moreover, he had never forgiven him for stepping on his dog in the dark, and breaking its forepaw. On this occasion, therefore, he considered he held a brief for expressing the feelings of the mess on the subject of Mackellar. He followed that overwrought young gentleman on deck. "Your presence in the mess is far from agreeable to us, Mackellar," he said harshly. "It is immaterial how you arrange to leave the ship, but do something within a week. That's all," the navigator said, walking off.

Then the buglers sounded the call to quarters. It was the afternoon of 31st May 1916.

The hour for the Jutland battle had struck. The warning came about three o'clock. Deadlights were noisily dropped over port-holes, watertight doors were shut, and officers and men went to their stations.

Staff-Surgeon O'Brien and his stretcher-bearers were already down in the modern cockpit, when Mackellar appeared, looking pale and haggard. Mackellar had been trained in St. John's ambulance work, and O'Brien had secured his services as a first-aid number during action.

"What's wrong Mackellar?" the staff-surgeon asked, seeing him pace up and down the armored compartment in an agitated manner.

"They've told me to leave the mess," Mackellar moaned, wringing his hands.

"We may all have that opportunity, my lad," the staff-surgeon said gloomily, as a messenger came up and handed him a signal.

"From the commander," O'Brien read aloud; "'non-combatants are to seek shelter on the port-side.'"

Steaming twenty-two knots, zig-zagging, and firing her guns and torpedoes, the *Alcibiades* went into action.

Below the water-line, and wedged in between the working-chamber of a turret and the ship's side, the medical party waited in strained expectancy. The *Alcibiades* being in the advance line of ships, it was not long before detonating shocks indicated to those below that salvos were hitting the ship. The telephone began to buzz furiously.

"Medical assistance is urgently needed in 'Q' turret," said the officer in charge of the conning-tower.

"Come along with me, Mackellar," the staff-surgeon said. "As for you, Endewick," he instructed the sick-berth steward, "I'll let you know when it's possible for your party to move the wounded."

"Very good, sir," Endewick replied, handing them their dressing-bags.

The staff-surgeon and Mackellar ascended the narrow gangway to the mess-deck, where all tables, benches, and other fixtures were unshipped. Thence their route was a roundabout one by way of the stokehold. The "potted" air, laden as it was with fumes from the guns and bursting shells made breathing almost intolerable, and most of the men they encountered were wearing respirators. After unclipping many watertight doors, they finally came to a heavily armored one in the main battery. This was opened by means of a ponderous wheel-trainer, and access gained to the open

deck in that part of the ship called the waist. While traversing the short space of deck which intervened between the battery and "Q" turret, the staff-surgeon and Mackellar had a fleeting glimpse of the battle.

The sea was smooth, and the sun bright enough, but there was a heavy pall hanging over the region of the starboard horizon. Whether this was a smoke-screen of the enemy's creation, or whether it was the usual North Sea mist, it was impossible to determine. Frequent flashes of fire visualized the low-lying hulls of many enemy battleships. The *Alcibiades* was steaming in the eastern extremity of the arc of British ships which was endeavoring to close in on the enemy without crossing his mine-field.

The staff-surgeon and Mackellar entered the turret from below. The officer in charge, Lieutenant Fitz-Boodle, stood in the spotting-hood, while the gun's crew worked like demons at their stations. Above the din caused by the rattle of the chain-rammers as they drove the projectiles home, the closing of the breech, and the noise of the machinery, they heard "Left gun ready!" "Right gun ready!" and the clang of the "stand-by" gong. The order to fire was followed by a low rumbling sound, and the guns recoiled with a crash.

One of the gun's crew spoke to the staff-surgeon. "It's not a case of enemy fire this time, sir; the young officer got jammed in the rammer," he said, pointing to a fair-haired midshipman, named Carey, who lay on the platform with a crushed leg.

"To think I may not be able to play 'rugger' again!" he moaned as O'Brien applied a tourniquet.

"Never mind, my lad; you'll be as good as ever in a very short time," the staff-surgeon said sympathetically, searching his bag for the proper dressings, while Mackellar prepared a splint.

"Still!" the gunlayer shouted; "miss-fire! carry on!" The guns had been loaded again, and one of them missed fire owing to a defective cartridge. At the moment Lieutenant Fitz-Boodle had the range of an enemy cruiser; his only thought was that he must sink it, and that as soon as possible. In the excitement of battle he did not allow a sufficiently long interval to elapse in case there was a delayed "fire." He gave the order to insert a fresh cartridge. This meant opening the breech, and the inrushing air fanned the smouldering cordite charge already in the gun into an instantaneous explosion. This, of course, took the line of least resistance, and the breech was blown to pieces, killing Lieutenant Fitz-Boodle, who had come down out of his hood, and Carey No. 2; while the rest of the gun's crew were put out of action. O'Brien was hurled toward the fore-end of the turret, and the consequent concussion rendered him unconscious. Mackellar received a mortal wound in the abdomen, which bled profusely.

Like all persons suffering from acute hæmorrhage, Mackellar's mind was vividly conscious. He viewed with consternation the breaking out of fires, and the possibility of further explosions in a turret which was situated in such a vital part of the ship. They must be warned to send a fire-party and take all necessary precautions. With the blood welling up on every exertion, Mackellar pulled himself over the impediments which lay in his path until he reached the navy-phone. In order to get at it he was forced to lift himself up several steel steps.

Pressing the handle Mackellar called out, "'Q' turret—fore t.s.," and it seemed as if, in uttering the words, he was squeezing every drop of blood out of his body. Somehow or other, when the voice of the operator in the fore transmitting station answered,

he managed to respond to the supreme effort entailed in telling him of the danger the ship ran from being blown up. He heard the man say, "Ay, ay, sir," and report to the conning-tower that fire had broken out in "Q" turret as the result of a miss-fire.

Mackellar then fell limply on the steel floor of the turret.

"Oh, my head!" moaned O'Brien, as he recovered consciousness. "And what an intolerable heat!" he murmured, raising himself as quickly as he could, with all the naval man's apprehension of fire on board a ship full of explosives.

There were no flames to be seen, however, for the fire-party had extinguished them, and gone to get stretchers.

"I wonder what's happened to Mackellar," O'Brien muttered, not seeing him about. Still suffering from the effects of his concussion, he staggered over to the other end of the turret, with the intention of attempting to communicate with Endewick. He found Mackellar lying in a pool of blood, and fast losing consciousness.

"My poor lad!" the staff-surgeon exclaimed, bending over him.

Mackellar smiled weakly at O'Brien. "They'll have their way, doc," he whispered faintly. "I'm leaving the mess."

Sobbing at one moment, the next anathematizing the frailties of human nature, the staff-surgeon stanchied Mackellar's wounds.

Sick-Berth Steward Endewick soon answered the call for stretcher-bearers. Under the direction of the staff-surgeon, the dead and wounded were strapped in flexible stretchers, so that they could be lowered to the deck through the manhole in the floor of the turret. They were then tenderly moved to a suitable part of the port battery.

In the meantime Lieutenant Lin-

gate, R.M.L.I., had been ordered to take charge of "Q" turret as soon as the evacuation of wounded was complete, and a reserve gun's crew quickly manned its remaining sound gun. During the interval the guns of the other turrets had been "straddling" the German cruiser in question, which appeared to be the *Frauenlob*. Lingate was just in time to get in a few good hits with his reorganized turret before the *Frauenlob* turned slowly over and sank by the stern, finally disappearing in a cloud of white smoke and a column of spray.

A lull occurring in the action, the *Alcibiades* gave a sudden lurch, as she turned several points to port. She was falling out of line temporarily in order to signal one of the hospital ships to come up and meet her at a safe distance from the firing-line. Staff-Surgeon O'Brien had his patients ready for transference to that blessed ship before the engagement with the enemy was renewed.

When the King visited the fleet after the Jutland battle he went on board the *Alcibiades*. The officers were presented to him, and he saw the men at divisions, and briefly congratulated them on the gallant part they had played in the recent engagement. Three rousing cheers were then given by the ship's company, and in the silence that followed the footsteps of the King and his staff sounded impressively on the quarter-deck. The King, who was in naval uniform, paused at the starboard gangway.

"And where is Mackellar?" the King asked. "I have heard how he saved the ship."

"I regret to inform you, sir," the captain said, addressing the King as his admiral, "Mackellar died of his wounds on board the hospital ship."

The King looked reflectively across the Sound. Heavy seas were rolling

in from the northeast, and the lowering skies gave a sinister look to the hundreds of gulls circling around the ship.

"Mackellar was a brave man," the King said, returning the captain's
Chambers's Journal.

salute, "and my navy ought to feel proud of him."

The officers and men of H.M.S. *Alcibiades* stood rigidly to attention, as the boatswain and his mates piped their royal admiral over the ship's side.

ILL WEEDS GROW APACE.

We have already adjured the Government to act up to the spirit expressed both by President Wilson and M. Painleve, and to take effective measures against those persons and organizations whose deliberate effort has been, and still is, to create dissension and make trouble in this country. Today we are able to give particulars of one organization whose activities certainly deserve prompt attention by authority. This is the Industrial Workers of the World—more generally known as "the I.W.W."—an international body which aims at social and industrial revolution through methods that are little distinguishable from those of the anarchist. The I.W.W. has been in existence a little more than ten years. It had not spread much in this country until the war came; but in the United States and in Australia it had already become formidable. Recently its leaders in America endeavored to use the organization for defeating American participation in the war. The method was to promote industrial strife, to hinder production and transport, and even to destroy machinery and break communications. These I.W.W. leaders had been boasting that they would make President Wilson's task difficult if not impossible; but, thanks to the manner in which their activities were met, their boasting proved vain and empty. The "boss" of the organization was arrested, and the conspiracy was broken up promptly and effectively.

Just the same game was played by the I.W.W. in Australia, and there again it was frustrated by the vigorous and unhesitating action of the Commonwealth Government. The I.W.W. was declared an illegal association, and its promoters are being arrested. In this country earlier in the war a raid was made on one center of I.W.W. activity, but no subsequent measures were taken.

But now this pestilent organization is lifting its head amongst us again; and there can be little doubt that its influence is to be traced in much of the recent labor unrest. That may be safely concluded from the fact that the particular policy of the I.W.W. has in many cases been closely followed. What that policy is is very fully and frankly expounded in the current number of the official organ of the I.W.W.; for, surprising though it be, a body that is avowedly anti-national and subversive, and that disclaims all obligation to the law, is allowed to have headquarters in London, and to publish a monthly sheet in furtherance of its nefarious ends. It will be seen that the promoters of this organization aim at bringing about a national strike which shall penalize all industry at a blow. As to their means, this is how they are explained: "It uses every method which will help to win its fights. One great weapon is sabotage, which means doing anything on the job to lessen the master's profits and impede his busi-

ness. The I.W.W. has developed the lightning strike (coming out without notice); the irritation strike (coming out and going back, and so continuing); the stay-in strike (folding arms whilst on the job); and other unique but effective weapons." What those other weapons are have been revealed in America and in Australia. They include the blowing up of buildings and ships, and the attempt to set fire to a city. In face of these facts it is not surprising to learn that the I.W.W. boasts that "it abides by no legal findings or capitalist morality, having a legal code and morality of its own." As for its morality, that is very shortly expressed: "What hurts the boss is moral; what hurts us (the workers) is immoral, and must be fought." And the ultimate sanction of this morality is equally simple: "As the I.W.W. grows, the entire forces of one big union could be brought into the field with the weapons of the general strike, sabotage, irritation and other strikes." These are the doctrines openly proclaimed and disseminated under the nose of authority. If we meet trouble in these conditions, it can hardly be matter of surprise.

At present, it is true, the membership of the I.W.W. in this country is not large; but its power for mischief is not, any more than that of the I.L.P., to be measured by mere numbers. The promoters of this pernicious movement claim that it is growing, and assuredly its policy is being adopted by the extremist section of the labor agitators. Between the shop-steward movement

The London Post.

and the I.W.W. there is no impassable gulf. Yet, having once struck at this fungus growth, our Government relapses into apathy, and allows it to spring up again. The organization was re-formed at a secret conference held in London on June 10th; and now not only are headquarters established here, but the doctrines of sabotage and industrial paralysis are openly advocated in print. Is it likely that what has been found inimical to elementary public policy in the United States and in Australia will be innocuous here, and that we can safely and unconcernedly watch the establishment of branches of the I.W.W. in the great centers of production? It is unnecessary to point out that we are not face to face here with an ordinary development of the Trade Union movement. Legitimate Trade Unionism is derided and denounced by the untamable spirits of the I.W.W., who are out to obtain their ends by sheer anarchy. The whole social and industrial fabric is threatened, nothing less. Such a dangerous influence is not to be trifled with. At present it may easily be stamped out; but delay, especially in times such as these, may make effective repression infinitely more difficult. A growth so entirely noxious should not be allowed to take root. If, by indifference and neglect, the roots are allowed to strike deep, the authorities will only have themselves to blame for the consequences; though unfortunately in that event it will not be they but the nation, that will have to abide those consequences.

SECRET DIPLOMACY AT WORK.

A month ago Mr. Balfour offered in the House of Commons not merely a justification of secret diplomacy in the past but a demand for its perpetuation.

"The whole energy of diplomacy," he said, "certainly in a country like this, is entirely directed not to making quarrels but to healing them. That

is the whole business, and it is far better done in most cases not by proclaiming our policy but by confidential conversations. . . . There is a perfect delusion in the public mind about secret diplomacy. Secret diplomacy is not a criminal operation intended to cover up transactions which lead to divisions among mankind. It is merely the ordinary work of ordinary human beings." That is Mr. Balfour's theory, and the country has of late been enabled to test it by that practice which is said to be so much more convincing than theory, owing to certain secret activities of diplomacy having been made public, entirely against the original desires of those engaged in them. True, these secrets are not those of our own diplomacy, but as our concern is with a system rather than with a body of individuals they will serve just as well as examples of the dangers of the system. The first set of revelations to be cited are the evidence given by General Janushkevich in the Sukhomlinoff trial. General Janushkevich was Russian Chief of Staff at the outbreak of war, General Sukhomlinoff was War Minister, and M. Sazonoff was Foreign Minister. On July 29, 1914, Janushkevich was instructed by M. Sazonoff to give the German Military Attaché his "word of honor as a soldier" that no general mobilization had taken place or was desired: at that very time, he now testifies, he had the Tsar's mobilization order in his pocket. On the night of 29th July the Tsar ordered Janushkevich to stop the general mobilization. Janushkevich consulted Sukhomlinoff, and they decided to go on with it, a course approved by Sazonoff. It is characteristic that at a later date the Tsar was grateful for having been disobeyed.

Now the question of responsibility for the war is a much wider one than the question which Power mobilized

first; but beyond doubt the Russian mobilization was one of the sum of events which precipitated the conflict. Whatever made the Russian generals and the Russian Foreign Minister press on the general mobilization, it could hardly be described as a passion for peace. Here, therefore, we find diplomatists (a term wide enough to embrace all the masters of foreign relations) laboring not, as Mr. Balfour claims, to heal but to exacerbate quarrels, and in that bad cause lying to foreign Governments and to their own alike. Is it really "the ordinary work of ordinary human beings" to swear upon one's honor that which one knows to be false, or to lie to one's superiors as Sukhomlinoff, to quote his own words, "lied to the Tsar"? If it be, then business is something very different in its practices and its standards from what the reputable men engaged in it have supposed or noted. The second illustration of the actual working of secret diplomacy is given by the correspondence between the Kaiser and the ex-Tsar. The English Government, it is alleged, was threatening to make a quarrel with Germany over the coaling of Russian warships, and it had certainly come into sharp conflict with Russia because Russian warships had fired on English trawlers. How does secret diplomacy bend its whole energy to healing these quarrels? The Kaiser hastens to telegraph to the Tsar that England means war, and that Russia should secretly join with Germany and make common cause with her against England. He pours acid on Russia's wounded feelings and stokes up the fires of her grievance. So much for the healing of the quarrel, and the better way of confidential conversations. What of the mode of procedure? The Kaiser proposes and the Tsar readily collaborates in a conspiracy to deceive Russia's ally, France, and force her into courses

distasteful to her, and they both seek to bully Denmark into becoming their serf by threatening that in any event they will whenever convenient invade her and occupy her territory. Again we ask, is this "the ordinary work of ordinary human beings"?

Then there are the Argentine revelations. Here we have secret diplomacy organizing murder to conceal outrage, and proposing a "settlement" which is to deceive not only the nations immediately concerned but the whole world; and such is the corruption of secret diplomacy that the Diplomatic Service of a neutral Power lends its assistance to this foul conspiracy. Is there any hint here of energy "directed not to making quarrels but to healing them," or of such manners and morals as govern the conduct of their business affairs by decent men? Finally, we may refer to the secret treaties concluded with the ex-Tsar by the Briand Government for the tearing away from Germany not only of Alsace-Lorraine but of unquestionably German territory, at a time when the two Governments were publicly protesting their zeal for a settlement based upon nationality. Is not the conclusion inevitable that in all these four instances, at least secret diplomacy was indeed precisely what Mr. Balfour denied it to be—"a criminal operation intended to cover up transactions which lead to divisions among mankind?" It will be said that nothing of the kind has been proved against

The Manchester Guardian.

British secret diplomacy. Happily that is true. But are we to suppose that when Russian, German, and French diplomatists do these things English diplomatists have some special virtue or some mysterious charm which protects them against the like offense? The truth is far more likely that such a system as secret diplomacy is far more powerful than the individuals involved in it. What is the system in its essence? It is absolutism, it is power to shape, without being subject to control, the relations between nation and nation. That is the character of secret diplomacy anywhere and everywhere, whether the Government it be practised by be nominally an autocracy, a bureaucracy, a republic, or a constitutional monarchy. Now absolutism, freedom from control, is a corrupting force which few, very few human beings have the moral strength to resist. In theory one can imagine it the happy instrument of a benevolently tyrannical genius. In practice it is what we see in the Sukhomlinoff trial, in the Willy-Nicky correspondence, in Count Luxburg's dispatches, in the Tsar-Doumergue treaties—"a criminal operation intended to cover up transactions which lead to divisions among mankind." If this war ends, as Mr. Balfour desires, with secret diplomacy entrenched and perpetuated, no matter which group of Powers will have won, democracy will surely have been defeated.

A PLEA FOR MORE WAR HUMOR.

Nobody can deny that Mr. Begbie makes out a strong case against war humor,* if you look at the subject from his standpoint. But there are other angles from which it ought to be

viewed, for if his plea were granted and carried to its logical conclusion there would be an end of all humor—in peace as well as in war.

It wasn't war that first brought death into the world and all our woe.

**THE LIVING AGE*, NOV. 17, 1917.

Mr. Begbie asks us to think of the conjunction, "War—Humor," as if they were irreconcilably opposed. I would like you to think also of the conjunction, Life—Humor, seeing that, in the long run, life kills more than war, for it ends by killing us all. Incidentally, it kills some of us more mercilessly than war does, with slower, longer torments to body and soul than war can inflict, yet we see nothing incongruous in jesting about life. No death is more terrible, more really agonizing, than are many of the deaths that happen in the years when, without noise of guns or sight of visible wounds, we are fighting each other in business, ruining each other in fierce competition, sweating and slaughtering thousands under the noiseless but effective drum fire of poverty in those slums and mean streets that Mr. Begbie has himself denounced. Except superficially, death in war is not more horrible than death in peace, it is only more obviously horrible.

Most of us would sooner be blown instantly to nothing by a shell, or sit out a week's harrowing bombardment, than die gradually through the years of a wasting consumption. Yet Hood made a jest even of consumption; laughed at the lank visage, punned about the spare ribs, found humor in the shortness of breath; and one loves and honors him the more for it, since he was dying of consumption himself. If he had taken it quite seriously, and made everyone around him miserable by insisting on their also taking it so, he would not have won our admiration and stood, as he stands, one of the dearest and most heroic figures in our literature.

Certainly, no man sitting in safety at home can with decency make jokes about the trenches, but the more the men who are there, or have been there, can do so, the better for themselves and for the rest of us. It is still as true as

it was when Shakespeare said it that the merry heart goes all the day but the sad soon tires. No man ever died of laughter, as a matter of fact, but plenty have died for the lack of it. If the Germans had some humor they would be less brutal, and they would not have written that Hymn of Hate which has been a source of such joy to our own fighting men.

To illustrate my contention that, nowadays, particularly, it is our duty not to wear our hearts upon our sleeves, I would like to repeat two little stories that were told to me when I was out at the front rather less than a year ago.

At the end of 1915, a kindly, well-intentioned young parson, who took the sad business of war very seriously indeed, was out there on a religious mission, and decided to hold a watch night service. His hut was filled to overcrowding. Something went wrong with the lighting arrangements, and he was reduced to a solitary candle by way of illumination. Standing on the platform (I am summarizing his own account) with that glimmer, on the table beside him, he could only see the first few rows of faces, but knew there was row behind row of them, unseen, watching him from the darkness beyond. All this gave an added touch of solemnity to the gathering; he was deeply impressed, and spoke of serious things more seriously perhaps than he had ever spoken before. After one or two fitting hymns had been sung, at midnight he was moved to lay his watch on the table and say earnestly, "Let us now have five minutes of silent prayer together."

The silence that fell upon that hut touched him almost instantly with a sort of fear. Then, of a sudden, he was shaken by soft, broken sounds from somewhere in the darkness—a strangled sob, little smothered cries. "It sent a chill through me," he said, "and I realized in a flash that I had done a

cruel thing. I thanked God fervently when the five minutes were gone and I could ask the soldier at the piano to play something and break the tension which was too much for us all."

My other story is of an incident that happened only a few days before that at a place a little farther behind the line. An Irish soldier was there recovering in a convalescent camp. He had been slightly wounded, and was suffering badly from shell-shock, which, for a time, made a nervous wreck of him. Late in the autumn there was talk of arranging entertainments for Christmas, and this man, who, before the war, was a popular Dublin comedian, volunteered to get up a proper Christmas pantomime. He extemporized a stage in a Y. M. C. A. hut, painted the scenery, wrote the pantomime, which was full of frivolous war allusions, and was not only his own stage manager, but himself acted a leading part in the extravaganza.

On the first night of the show, when the seats were crammed with wounded soldiers and soldiers from other parts of the vast camp, either newly returned from the trenches or shortly going up

The London Chronicle.

into them, and while the hut was echoing with continuous roars of laughter—twice that Irishman was missed by those who were helping him in the management and each time he was found sitting alone in the dark outside shaking as if in an ague. On the second occasion he was crying like a child—crying wretchedly that his nervous weakness could so master him. But he wouldn't hear of being excused and letting a substitute finish his part for him. He resolutely pulled himself together, and when his cue came he was ready in the wings to go on again and do his share of the fun-making with the jolliest irresponsible gusto, and not a man among the happy, laughing audience had his pleasure marred by so much as a suspicion of what had been happening behind the scenes.

Whenever I think of him, the thought of that Irishman warms the heart of me. Wasn't there more of kindness, of unselfishness, of heroism, even of seriousness, in his way of taking the war than if he had treated it as a subject for undiluted gravity? But I won't point the moral of these two stories; everybody can point it for himself.

A. St. John Adcock.

THE UNCLE ON LEAVE.

I felt that one day out of my priceless ten must be dedicated to my niece and godchild Phyllis. A goddaughter expects more even than a silver mug, and I suggested the Zoo to her mother as I faced her in the drawing-room.

"Yes," she said, "Phyllis was sure you'd take her to the Zoo. But, John, she'd like of all things if you'd call for her at the Kindergarten. Would you mind. You're *such* a kind godfather."

There is a wistful humility coupled with adamant determination about most mothers.

LIVING AGE, VOL. VIII, No. 400.

I met Phyllis at her school door, was stared at open-mouthed by twenty little boys and girls. At this I did not flinch.

If I had not earned my Military Cross, I deserved it that day. Unheeding of my nose, I visited every cage and fed or stroked every animal except where such feeding is banned by authority. I refused to offer nuts to the snakes for certain obvious reasons. Otherwise I did not fail.

At tea I was lavish, for though Lord Rhondda has barred the conventional

tea of childhood, he has left an opening in the direction of ices, fruit salad, and strawberries and cream. Some day the mothers of England will demand his head on a charger, but I am only an uncle, and my days of England were already numbered.

Phyllis did herself excellently in all the dangerous dainties we could commandeer. Even then I did not tire or faint. I plodded round to the buffaloes and tried to befriend that misanthrope the gnu.

No, it was on the return journey that my troubles began.

The outside of the 'bus was crowded, and Phyllis and I had to wedge ourselves inside among a warm and listless party to whom any diversion was welcome.

A very slender brown hand crept into mine.

Phyllis is a nut-brown maid of six summers.

"Uncle John."

I looked into gazelle-like brown eyes.

"Well?" I asked.

"Let's talk, shall we?"

"All right, what about?"

"Love."

Six pairs of ears seemed to cock and six pairs of eyes gazed at my goddaughter. She has a soft voice, much like a fairy's, I fancy, but it has a singular power of carrying.

"Phyllis," I said, "don't talk so loudly. You may have one of the chocolate croquettes."

"Oh! Uncle John, thank you, and may I nibble?"

"Of course you may."

I hoped that nibbling would produce silence, and for half a minute it did. I found that my goddaughter's method of nibbling was a mouse-like mode of biting, applied in a rotatory fashion to the chocolate. It was more suitable to the seclusion of the nursery than to the 'bus.

"Do you call that pretty?" she inquired engagingly.

"No."

"Mother doesn't let me do it. You are a kind Uncle John to let me. Do officers ever nibble?"

"Never," I said. The picture of our Colonel and the mess all engaged in nibbling revolted me.

Phyllis smiled sweetly. She had chocolate even in her dimples, and realizing this her tongue became active.

"Use your handkerchief," I suggested firmly.

My goddaughter excavated in several layers of white petticoat.

"It's lost," I said, anxious to end the search.

"I think some animal has taken it," she explained.

"I wiped that reindeer's nose with it, Uncle John. Do you remember? And will you lend me your handkerchief?" Phyllis held up my handkerchief that all the world might see it.

"It's much more too bigger than mine," she exclaimed.

I am responsible for my godchild's knowledge of the Catechism in the vulgar tongue, but her grammar is outside my province.

"Use it," I commanded, and she wiped her mouth.

An old gentleman got in—to make room for him I took Phyllis on my knee.

To my surprise she made a dive towards the floor and retrieved from somewhere a white bone button.

"I wonder," she said, "if this is mine or somebody else's. I have buttons just like that on my stays."

She smiled genially upon our fellow-travelers. No one claimed the button, so she handed it to me.

"Please put it in your pocket, Uncle John. I think it is mine, because I feel loose somehow. I suppose you haven't got a needle and cotton? If you had we could sew it on now."

I sighed with thankfulness that we had not to cross Piccadilly Circus minus an essential button.

To make a diversion I pointed out to my niece a lady in fine uniform, and asked if Phyllis would choose some profession when she grew to full estate.

Phyllis fell into a day-dream, her lovely face a picture of pensive wistfulness.

"When I grow up——" she said, and paused to collect all ears, after the manner of Mark Antony.

"When I grow up I'll be a mother. I'm going to have ten little boys and girls—all twins and all dressed in sailor suits. Could you suggest some names, Uncle John? I've got Algernon, Augustus, Semolina, Caroline, Bethunia—but I can't think of any more."

Somebody moved from the little stool at the end. We had, at least, lost one of the audience.

"May I sit on the stool, Uncle John?" Phyllis asked. I agreed warmly. We had, by now, reached the Monument, and there was only London Bridge, and then—the shelter of the station. . . .

Phyllis was pensive until she saw the river. She was some way off, and I hoped fondly that our mutual distance would keep her silent. But it was not to be. The river aroused some train of thought. She sprang to her feet.

"Uncle John, Uncle John," she called, "is this the 'Shall-we-gather-at-the-river River?'"

The old gentleman pulled her to his knee with grandfatherly good-will.

"It is, child, it is," he declared. "That's what the German aeroplanes call it, and they *do* gather by it too!"

A little later we were at the station.

I was conscious of a great fatigue, such as I had never felt even in France.

I led Phyllis aside. She pranced beside me.

The Westminster Gazette.

"Phyllis," I said bitterly, "there was only one thing we forgot—namely, to pass around the hat before we got out."

"Oh, Uncle John, could we have? Like church?"

"We'd have made at least a shilling, and deserved it."

"I wish we had; don't you?"

"After the war, my child, you and I will go round amusing the queues at theatres. That will be an honest livelihood."

"Do you really mean it, Uncle John; do you *promise*?"

Knowing the awful solemnity of a promise to Phyllis I made a proviso.

"If I'm a Brigadier-General we will. He'd draw, I fancy. But now, Phyllis, I want to talk to you seriously. You shall have any picture book from the stall if you agree to observe strict silence in the train. In my character of temporary captain and temporary gentleman, the King expects me to go first class. It is, I agree, a little exacting of him. You and I know that I don't go anything but third in ordinary life. But I beg that you will make no open comment on that fact, that you will not ask if I am very rich—I am not. I beg you not to show undue elation at our unusual pomp. In fact, I must ask for your word that you will look at your book and not speak to me all the way."

Phyllis is a lady of strict honor. I saw her in the throes of many struggles with herself, but honor always prevailed. Only at the home station the little hot hand slipped into mine and those enchanting eyes were raised.

"Could we go to the Zoo again next week, Uncle John? I do like going with you. You're so nice to talk to," she declared.

"The King expects me to be in France next week," said I.

Phyllis sighed.

W. M. Letts.

JANE BARLOW.

By the death of Jane Barlow Ireland has lost not only a tenderly-loving daughter, but one endowed with the gift of making other people see the mother through her loving eyes. She was one of those—and their number is increasing enormously in these days—who, sprung from the dominant, “planted” class in Ireland, have discovered for themselves the sweetness of her at whose heart they have been nourished. At once shy and ardent, the love of Ireland was in her life a light ever burning. She liked to call herself “a rebel” in the old days. She would, perhaps, hardly have called herself “a rebel” in these, when the name stands for something definite. Apparently the War engrossed her, and she had no sympathy with the latest Rebellion, which seemed to her a stumbling-block in the way of a Crusade.

She “lived with visions for her company” her life long. So shy was she, so retiring, that one used to wonder how she acquired the knowledge that is in her books; but her gentle eyes were very observant. If she made Irish life an idyllic thing, almost too unshadowed as some critics thought—well, her eyes were for beautiful things. Although she was surprisingly broad and tolerant, considering the cloistered life she led—we used to ascribe it to her classical scholarship that she had so wide an outlook from the sheltered garden of her life—she had no eye for ugliness. She was by nature an idealist. Her soul lived amid gardens and flowers, solaced by music and poetry and all things beautiful. Her heart was given up to the most tender and clinging family affections, but she had also a gift for friendship. We were friends for many happy years; and I have always thought it a great proof of her friend-

ship that in the days of “the interview,” when people far less retiring than she were up in arms against such an intrusion on their privacy, she gave me abundant material for any personal article I wished to write about her.

She was the daughter of the Rev. James Barlow, who died Vice-Provost, of Trinity College, whose name recalls the religious controversies of the mid-Victorians, for he was of the heterodox in those days of hard-and-fast orthodoxies. Both father and mother were adored by their children. I remember an occasion on which I was introduced to Mr. Barlow by his daughter as “another rebel.” She used to recall for me days and dreams which I, too, remember, the days of the Fenian Movement in Ireland, when she, in her loyal home at Clontarf, and I in my home where the loyalties were all for Ireland a few miles away, lay awake in our small beds at night, thinking every gorse fire on the mountains the signal-fires of the Fenians and the thumping of our pulses in our ears the tread of armed men. I always think of her now in the big comfortable drawing-room of her beloved home at Raheny, the organ at one end on which her father played, piles of new books on the table, growing violets and lilies-of-the-valley sweet in the air, the adored mother’s picture above the mantelpiece—a room into which all the sanctities and sweetnesses of home were gathered.

It was part of the incongruity of things that she made a literary success—or perhaps a popular success—by coming in on the crest of the wave when the kailyard school was in fashion. There was nothing kailyard about her work in the belittling sense. Only it happened that idyllic stories about one’s own plot of earth happened to be the fashion. Her plot of earth was

Ireland; and so she came in with a fashion to whom fashion was the last thing that could concern her.

She wrote exquisitely, with a delicate, minute observation and a rare quality of style. She had delicious humor as well as pathos, and she had that gift of describing the Irish country which must have made the most ordinary reader see it. The love of it had entered into her. England is a queen to her children, but always, one imagines, or nearly always, a triumphant woman who wears a helmet and carries the sceptre of the seas—Britannia, in short; whereas Ireland is to her children the Little Dark Rose, the woman always young yet always the mother, full of griefs, but with her Destiny to come. When one has arrived at the passion for Ireland, her beauty assumes a new meaning. Jane Barlow had attained to that passion and that understanding.

Of course, the kailyard school passed and was forgotten. It was one of the endless toys with which the 'nineties, that literary decade, amused itself. Who now remembers Crockett and Ian Maclaren? But the beautiful work of Jane Barlow remains.

She was a mistress of the *conte*. Her one or two ventures into the long story never satisfied herself. She was a poet as well as a writer of prose which was fused with poetry. Her poetry is in many manners. "Bogland Studies," her first volume of poems, and its successors, "Ghost-Bereft" and "The Mockers," were studies of life, with a greater poignancy and diversity of manner than her prose idylls. "The End of Elfintown" had an extraordinary and delightful deftness and dexterity which recalled the Elizabethans.

It is strange to remember that her earliest published poetry appeared in *Hibernia*, a monthly review edited by Count Plunkett in the early 'eighties. I can recall a visit paid to the editorial offices high above College Green, in those early 'eighties, when Irish poetry and culture had fled from the violence of the Land League into a cloistered quietness. The editor had set before my youthful eyes, ready to shine or be wet with admiration for poetry, a lovely April poem signed "Owen Balair," which signature, he told me, stood for Miss Barlow, the daughter of a Fellow of Trinity. One would have said then that Count Plunkett's stream of life would run as gently as Jane Barlow's own, instead of widening out into the rapids as we have seen it.

Miss Barlow's work does not belong to the ephemeral things; it stands and will stand for a microcosm of Irish life at a certain period as it was beheld by one whose eyes had been touched with vision, and it is secure of its place in Anglo-Irish, or Irish literature as she would have preferred to call it. It is work as sincere and faithful as it is beautiful, the expression of a nature as richly endowed as it was sensitive. This heart of intense loyalties doubtless broke as many a heart has broken and will break under the burden of the War. A naturally saintly soul has escaped from the wrongs and the griefs of this world in ruins to a world where no canker frets.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the Flower of Peace:
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy Fortress and thine Ease.

Katharine Tynan.

A CAMOUFLAGE PEACE.

We should, perhaps, regard it as a compliment to this country that the rulers of Germany exert so much energy and ingenuity in disseminating

rumors that England has secretly made overtures towards a separate peace. The Germans, by dint of assiduous practice and some fever of the brain, have become reasonably expert at *camouflage* diplomacy. They laboriously consider what would be the probable course of events should the event to be simulated really occur, and then they proceed to imitate it. First one journal—the *Leipzig Neueste Nachrichten*, to be precise—announced vaguely that a proposal has been made, and is being seriously considered. Then other newspapers proceed to elaborate details, as, for instance, that England is prepared to surrender the Colonies taken from Germany. Local color is obtained by stating that German Southwest Africa is to be retained, out of respect for Boer sentiment. Then follows a “semi-official” denial of the rumors; for the German artificer in *camouflage* diplomacy knows that nothing confirms a rumor like a semi-official denial of it. The next step was to announce that the offer had been made, not to Germany, but to Austria. It was now Austria’s turn to issue the semi-official denial, and the *Fremdenblatt* kindly obliged. At the same time the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* darkly asserted that, denial or no denial, the English people are thirsting for peace, and that Mr. Lloyd George has no more to say. The whole intrigue is directed to producing that favorable atmosphere of which the Germans are so fond, and in which the German reply to the Papal Peace Note, may be appropriately received. The same poison gas is designed to serve as a tonic to that small but irritable party in England which persists in reiterating to an incredulous public that the German people have only to be encouraged in the right spirit to abolish the Hohenzollerns.

We shall be informed, with that

assumption of virtuous indignation—aroused by the very thought that anyone should presume to differ—of which Mr. Asquith is so admirable an exponent, that Germany is actually ready to evacuate Belgium, on easy terms. Is she? We shall believe it when Germany walks out of her own accord, instead of being beaten out by British guns. For it is the British guns which are the real begetters of German peace overtures. That is why they are a delicate tribute to Sir Douglas Haig. The Field-Marshal knows his business; and if the people of this country are inclined to be disappointed because they do not read of a sudden and a great attack, we would commend to their attention the observations of General Smuts on the subject, given in the *Journal*. The operations of modern warfare are necessarily slow, but, said General Smuts, they are so sure that patience and confidence are all that we now need in order to obtain victory. But, we would add, if victory is to be achieved within a measurable time, we also need that united and sustained effort which alone can shorten the war. General Smuts declares that there is nothing more ardently desired in Germany than peace; and in that circumstance we perceive another reason for the German inventions. For one method of diverting the German mind from its own sufferings is to represent the plight of the enemy as the same or worse. Thus the Austrian newspaper describes the “insufferable privations” endured in this country. We have not remarked them. Nor, indeed, have we any precise information as to the hardships inflicted on the German people. And if the Germans are encouraged by the reports of English troubles, we in this country have no such consolation in respect of German miseries, because we are persuaded that no mere material

deficiencies will shake the German allegiance to the German autocracy. Nothing, as General Smuts rightly affirmed, can destroy the German faith in Prussian militarism, except the defeat of the German Army in the field. We must make certain, said the General, of having finished with military imperialism before treating for peace. That is the essential factor of the situation. We now know that the German military power can be broken. We know it because it has been in process of defeat since July of last year. What we do not know is when the task will be accomplished; but the date depends upon our own exertions.

We cannot afford to relax for a moment, because every moment lost in dalliance and delay, and by that fatal timidity which is the chronic disease of politicians, is paid for by the lives of the best of England. When we have done all, and not before, we may find encouragement in the fact that the United States is bringing its vast power to bear on the side of the Allies. New and vigorous troops, new engines of war, immense reserves of material, are on the way to the help of the valiant and patient armies which have fought through good and evil fortune alike for three devastating years. The Republic of the West is matched against the failing, desperate,

The London Post.

and criminal autocracies of Middle Europe. Until America intervenes in the struggle for liberty the world over, said Walt Whitman long ago, her story is but half-told. We are now to watch the sequel foreseen by the national poet. Of the spirit of America and of her purpose in the war Mr. Lansing, with that measured and dignified eloquence which is the mark of the American statesman, spoke in his notable address recently delivered to the officers at Madison Barracks. America, said Mr. Lansing, has entered this quarrel to rid the world of "the most sinister Government of modern times," which wars with the ideals of self-government and freedom, and whose continued existence makes an enduring peace impossible. By its destruction alone can the supreme object of the war be attained, and the German people themselves delivered. But Mr. Lansing, sedulously as America has always distinguished between the German people and their rulers, affirms that the German people cannot awake to the truth until "the physical might of the united democracies of the world has destroyed forever the evil ambitions of the military rulers of Germany." In the meantime, Germany, with the eager aid of an enslaved Press, is trying to save by industrious lying what she cannot save by the sword.

TENNYSON TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER.

On October 6th, 1892, died Alfred Tennyson, who for half-a-century had been by universal assent chief of the English poets of his age. He had had contemporaries, it is true, whose appeal to limited classes had been stronger than his own. Arthur Hugh Clough, whose poetry rose from profounder depths of intellect than Tennyson's, had more fully voiced the

spiritual unrest of the period; Matthew Arnold, whose keenly critical eye viewed life steadily and viewed it whole as Tennyson's vision never did, had satisfied more completely the analytic minds of the time; above all, Robert Browning, whose faith was incomparably more robust than Tennyson's, had more adequately expressed the resolute optimism, amid

depressing circumstances, of Victorian religion. But no one of these poets, still less any of their minor colleagues, had seriously contested Tennyson's supremacy. Clough was at once too classical and too shocking, Arnold too cold and depressing, Browning too recondite and obscure; all were too severely restricted in the sphere of their operations. Tennyson was indisputably the representative singer of the Victorian era. The central half of the nineteenth century was as clearly the Age of Tennyson as was the corresponding portion of the eighteenth century the Age of Johnson, or that of the seventeenth the Age of Milton.

It is worth while asking, now that the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death has come round, first, what were the qualities which gave Tennyson his uncontested pre-eminence during his lifetime; secondly, why his works fell into considerable neglect and disrepute after his decease; thirdly, whether—as was the case with Byron, whose fate was very similar to his own—there is likely to be a Tennysonian revival in the future.

The answer to the first question is not hard to find. Tennyson owed his ascendancy in part to the exquisite music of his verse, in part to the representative character of his thought, in part to the sensibility of his emotion. There have been few more perfect masters of English prosody, few whose diction is more unfailingly felicitous, few whose standard of technical excellence is so high. One searches his work in vain for a false quantity or a defective assonance, and the only imperfect rhyme that occurs to the memory of the present writer is the "hundred" in the "Charge of the Light Brigade" which is unequally yoked with "blundered," "thundered," "sundered," and "wondered." As a writer of blank verse none, save

Milton only, can compare with him. Many of his phrases impress themselves ineffaceably upon the mind, and constantly recur to the consciousness like the strains of haunting melody—such phrases as the splendid onomatopoeic lines:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

But splendor of phraseology alone would not have given Tennyson his primacy. If command of language and mastery of the art of prosody had been the sole requisites of poetic overlordship, it is doubtful whether Tennyson would have more than held his own with the unconventional Swinburne. It was the content of his poems, as well as their form, that appealed to the cultivated public. Tennyson more than any other writer of his day interpreted the Victorian age to itself. It was an age of rapid change and palpable transition. Political revolutions, social upheavals, moral rebellions, intellectual insurrections, religious revolts, were transforming the old and stable world into a chaos whence a new order could not, by many anxious watchers, be seen to emerge. Tennyson was keenly sensitive to the movements of the time. He took an absorbed interest in current politics; he sympathized with social reform; he kept in close touch with the new science, and, in particular, seized with quick comprehension and eager welcome the novel and (at first appearance) disquieting doctrine of evolution; he was profoundly religious, and he recognized the necessity, both for himself and for his generation, of reconciling if possible the new knowledge with the old faith. He first convinced himself and then he showed his fellows—in poems such as "In Memoriam," "The Ancient Sage," "Silent Voices," and "Crossing the Bar"—how the per-

plexities of the moment could be resolved, and how the essentials of the ancient creeds could be restated in terms of the most modern science. He made it clear to many doubtful and troubled minds that, in spite of the triumphs of naturalism, it was still possible, and indeed necessary, to hold fast to faith in human freedom, in Divine immanence, and in personal immortality. He based his conviction of individual liberty, of the presence of God, and of the reality of the life eternal, not on external evidences which criticism can question or scepticism assail, but on intuitions and revelations peculiar to the patient and expectant soul:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would
melt

The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

It was because he *felt* so acutely the perplexities of the age, and because he wrestled with them faithfully and resolved them hopefully, that he made so strong an appeal to the conservative culture of his generation. Not all his poems, however, were didactic. Many, and prominent among them those—*e.g.*, the "Idylls of the King" and "Enoch Arden"—written during the thirty years (1850-1880) when his powers were at their maturity and his fame at its height, were purely descriptive and narrative. These owed little of their popularity to their content of thought. Their appeal was exclusively literary and sentimental: but they deserved their fame as splendid monuments of the capacities of English verse:

Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's
ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,

Rough-redden'd with a thousand win-
ter gales,

Not only to the market cross were
known,

But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely
Hall,

Whose Friday fare was Enoch's minis-
tering.

Where else, as Bagehot long ago asked, can be found a more magniloquent statement of the trivial fact that a fisherman caught and sold fish?

"Alfred," said Edward FitzGerald as he read verses of this kind, "is full of poetry, but has nothing to put it in." The truth is that during these central years Tennyson was engaged in undecided battle with his spiritual foes, and not till in later life he emerged victorious and serene could he return to the deep themes whose treatment forms his great and distinctive contribution to the literature of his time. It is not in virtue of "Enoch Arden," or even of the "Idylls of the King" (wherein rude warriors of the sixth century wear the arms and accoutrements of the fourteenth, and give utterance to the philanthropic sentiments of the nineteenth), that he will live, if live he does, but in virtue of his earlier and his later poems of faith and hope and love.

But this suggests the second question. Will he live; or will the comparative neglect and indifference with which he has been regarded during the past quarter of a century continue to be his lot during the present and subsequent generations? There can be no doubt that at the time of his death he had lost touch with the world. He was old and weary; the courage of "Ulysses" and the confident optimism of "Locksley Hall" had given place to the apprehension of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" and the gloom of "Despair." In an age become wholly democratic

he remained invincibly aristocratic. Among a people rapidly drifting towards Socialism he clung to the principles of mid-Victorian Individualism. From the new cosmopolitanism he held aloof, firm in his patriotism and his insularity. Even the philosophic and religious conflict in which he had played so prominent and noble a part was moving away from the fields with which he was familiar, and was being carried into regions unrealized by his imagination. The battle against materialism and agnosticism in which he had valiantly fought had been won; the new struggle, for which his weapons were not fitted, was being joined on the unfamiliar grounds of pseudo-spiritualism, superstition, charlatanism, and religious imposture. Tennyson, in short, was so emphatically the poet of the Victorian era that the passing of that era with its transitional doubts and its ephemeral perplexities rendered much of his didactic poetry obsolete. Men had ceased to feel the weight of the particular burdens from which he had sought to deliver them. As to his epic and descriptive verse, changed literary fashion had already begun to turn popular taste away from the flawless metrical forms of which Tennyson was the supreme exponent to the shapeless and cacophonous impressionism which claims to be the authentic Georgian poetry.

Nevertheless, though the vogue of Tennyson has waned, and though it is improbable that he will ever be restored to that place of eminence which he held in his lifetime, yet it is certain

The Spectator.

that his cult will be revived and that his essential greatness will receive enduring recognition. He will survive, first, as a permanent memorial of the age whose dominant intellectual and moral characteristics he so perfectly depicted. No historian of nineteenth-century thought will be able to ignore him, for, as Jowett once said to him, his poetry has in it "an element of philosophy more to be considered than any regular philosophy in England." He will survive, secondly, as the writer of some of the most exquisite lyrics in the language. Such verse as the four stanzas of "Tears, idle tears" will be found in all treasuries of song as long as knowledge of the English language continues upon the earth. He will survive, finally and pre-eminently, for his religious quality. For though it is true that he dealt with doubts that were transient, and with perplexities that were peculiar to the circumstances of his own day, yet he stood forth before all others as the champion and exponent of the resolute and unchanging "will to believe." He felt the necessity, old as humanity, of faith in a deity with whom man can hold communion. He felt the need, old as death, of hope of a spirit-world where nothing loving or beloved is lost. Because he gave expression to man's passionate determination not to let God go, and not to surrender the blest anticipation of reunion with those who have passed beyond the veil, he will live as long as there are men who have souls to aspire or hearts to grieve.

F. J. C. Hearnshaw.

WARTIME FINANCE.

(The colossal expenditures of the war, and the pressing problems which confront the different Governments and the financiers and business interests of the different countries are of so profound national concern that THE LIVING AGE proposes to print for the present, from week to week, a department specially devoted to their consideration.—Editor of THE LIVING AGE.)

FINANCIAL HEROISM.

We live in a heroic age, in which the greatest contest ever fought by the nations of the earth is being carried out with a display of courage by the combatants on both sides which is probably unparalleled in history. There were many who thought that if a great war ever came again it would be marked by the effects of the recent migration of the population of civilized countries from agricultural life into the towns, and from open-air work into sedentary occupations. There was some reason to expect that the effects of this movement would be a lowering of the animal courage of the combatants, and one of the most remarkable features of the present war is the total collapse of this expectation. The courage with which the combatant forces of the Allies have fought for liberty and justice, and the existence of civilization, is only paralleled by that with which those of the Central Powers have fought for ruthlessness and the rule of force, for domination and destruction. On this subject we in England may well feel a special pride, seeing that the army with which we are now regularly beating the well-trained German legions has been almost entirely improvised out of a population devoted to civilian pursuits, and nourished on civil and pacific ideas. Our new armies, and those of our Dominions, have shown themselves fully worthy to take their place in history beside the professional armies that fought our battles in the past; and the heroism of our merchant seamen, and of our mine sweepers, and of many other obscure fighters

who help to keep us fed and comfortable, can be best recognized by saying that it is fit to stand side by side with that of the British Navy. The courage, tenacity, and endurance with which this war is being waged by the fighting men of the world is only another example of the unknown stores and resources which human nature had at its disposal when this great crisis in its history called them out.

In curious contrast with this tremendous effort that is being made in the battlefield and on the seas by the champions of liberty is the apparent apathy with which the financial side of the problem is being dealt with by those who are left at home. We are of the same blood and bone as those who are daring all things in the trenches and in the mine fields for the cause of progress, and yet in the fourth year of war we are still very far from doing what is our plain duty in the field of financial warfare. Why should this be so? We believe that it is due to lack of imagination, deficient grasp of economic facts, and the failure of our leaders to put our financial duty clearly and continually before us. No one needs to be told that if the Germans beat us in the field or at sea civilization is doomed. That is so clear that all who can fight see that the fighting has to be desperate and determined, and are stirred to the necessary effort by the appalling danger which threatens them and all that they hold dear. But the nation that has always believed itself to be so rich that it can face all financial problems without effort has been left

by its financial rulers without the necessary guidance and stimulus, and still more without the necessary example. Thousands of men and women, who if age or sex had allowed them to go to the front, would have fought as well as any of our champions there, continue to waste on self-indulgence and fripperies money that is needed for the war. It is more than high time that we should put this right, and that the heroism which is fighting our battles at the front should be supported by some attempt to imitate it by those of us who are left at home in the use that we make of our money.

The sort of financial heroism that is required of us ought not to be a very great strain on our patriotism. To be asked to save all we can, and subscribe to a British Government security yielding us roughly 5½ per cent, with the possibility of temporary depreciation reduced to a minimum by a bonus on redemption, with the certainty of getting our money back with a comfortable capital increase in five, seven, or ten years, according as we may choose, with an option of conversion into the 5 per cent loan at 95, or of using our bonds at their face value for cash if at any time the Government brings out a long-dated loan for the purpose of the war—this is a form of financial heroism which, if it had been put before us 20 years ago, when Trustee Securities yielded 2½ per cent, would have seemed to the average investor an impossibly beautiful dream. Such, however, is the appeal that is now made to us, and it is well that we should understand the duty that this appeal imposes upon us. The new issue has been frequently described as a new loan, implying that it is more or less on the lines of the great effort made last January, followed, as such efforts usually are, by a reaction into extravagance. That is not the kind of effort that is

now expected from us. The New National War bonds are to be on sale until further notice, and what is asked of us is not to make a great temporary effort, but from henceforward to cut down our expenditure to the bone, save, and continue to save, every shilling except what is essential to health and efficiency, and to put what we save from time to time by steady instalments into this new form of Government borrowing. By this process, instead of using up the productive power of the nation (which is the only source, apart from borrowing abroad, from which the war's needs can be met) on our own amusements, enjoyments, and frivolity, we hand it over to the Government to be invested in victory. By this continual transfer of buying power from us to the Government we check the rise in prices, cheapen the cost of the war, and reduce the Government's excuse for financing the war by inflation, and so making everything dear for us and for our poorer neighbors. Financial heroism, if it can be so described, will thus pay us directly and indirectly. It may also, if we carry it out on a really heroic scale, enable us to feel that we at home are making some small effort, not worthy to stand with that which is being made by those who are fighting for us, but just something to show that we are the same men as they are, and have done what we could. Not many of us can yet flatter ourselves that we have made any such effort. Plenty of people have suffered privation and cut down expenditure, but in most cases when this has been done drastically it has happened through compulsion. The revolution in our spending habits, which for years has been preached as essential to the sound finance of the war, has not yet been accomplished. The new National bonds give us one more opportunity. We believe that the nation will take it

if the need is properly put before it by authoritative voices whose every word commands attention. It has to be recognized that the work of our Finance Minister at such a time is not a task to be undertaken as a side issue along with other exacting duties. Rumor indicates that a change in this respect may be announced before long; and though the admirable qualities of the present Chancellor have won for him the respect of all parties, any change will be welcomed that means more earnest concentration on the business of finance, more efficient appeals to the country to do its duty, a more vigorous use of the weapon of taxation, and a check on the public extravagance, which is criminally dissipating the nation's resources.

The Economist.

AMERICAN GOLD-MINING ON THE RAND.

The formation was recently reported of the Anglo-American Corporation, the object of which is to take an interest in and develop some of the gold-mining leases on the Eastern Rand. The new Company has been formed by some of the leading financial interests in the United States in conjunction with certain members of the Transvaal mining industry, and while its entire capital is only £1,000,000, it is stated that its total resources may be increased later to £6,000,000. Some of the leading mining engineers and managers on the Witwatersrand have been Americans, but American capital has hitherto played no part in the development of that great gold-field. One would think that with the ever-increasing rise in the price of commodities, and the consequent fall in the purchasing power of gold, gold-mining would cease to be a paying proposition, except where the gold contents were of a high percentage; but one cannot teach the Americans

much about gold-mining, and presumably the founders of the Anglo-American Corporation know what they are about. The matter is of interest, as it denotes a further stage in the development of the American financial exploitation of the world, which the war has made imminent. If American skill, industry and inventiveness thereby penetrate into hitherto undeveloped, or only partially developed, areas of the world (and goodness knows there is room enough in Russia, Brazil and South America generally), American financiers certainly—the inhabitants of the respective countries and the world at large, possibly—will benefit very considerably.

The New Statesman.

WANTED, A MINISTER OF COMMERCE.

The Government has elected to anticipate the action of the House of Commons, and to put into operation, without waiting for discussion in Parliament, its scheme for the collection of Commercial Intelligence in Foreign Countries. They are acting in this matter, in fact, on all fours with the policy they pursued in the case of Lord Faringdon's Committee, and trying to force the hand of Parliament by presenting it with a *fait accompli* (just as the Kaiser attempted to do in his intrigue with the Tsar to force the hand of France). Sir A. Steel-Maitland has been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary—as the Pooh-Bah, in fact, of the scheme—and has resigned his late post in favor of Mr. Hewins. Action, moreover, has been taken in connection with the Chambers of Commerce which is sure to provoke widespread dissatisfaction amongst those bodies—in fact, has already done so. The Association of Chambers is faced with a revolt amongst its constituent

members, which may have serious consequences to that body and, politically speaking, produce much friction as soon as Parliament learns that premature action has been taken without its knowledge or consent. The Chambers of Commerce know their own business better than the Government does. They know that what they want is a Minister of Commerce—i.e., a Minister charged with the duty of developing and fostering British Commerce by legislation at home and energetic action abroad. The lines of policy, fiscal or otherwise, upon which this development should proceed from time to time have little

The Saturday Review.

to do with the case. The underlying principle of management is the vital point. The Board of Trade should remain as an executive body charged with the duty of carrying out the regulations which from time to time exist and govern the administrative regulation of commerce. The Minister of Commerce should have nothing to do with this portion of the work, but should confine himself to the functions sketched out above. Under this plan clear working could be organized and overlapping and friction be avoided. This is what the Chambers of Commerce want and what the Government refuses to give them.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To the popular "Blue Bonnet" series, Lela Horn Richards adds another attractive volume, "Blue Bonnet—Débutante," which young girls will read eagerly. Several of the characters from the earlier books reappear. Blue Bonnet herself comes into her fortune, builds an orphanage, takes a California trip in her uncle's private car, visits the Exposition, refuses one lover, accepts another, and is joyously married. The Page Co.

Hélène Cross's practical little book "Soldiers' Spoken French" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) furnishes just the short cut to a knowledge of colloquial French which American soldiers in France will need. It is compiled from an actual course of spoken lessons given to New Zealand's soldiers. Happy will be the American soldier who studies it in his hours of leisure, and who has it always within reach in the pocket of his uniform for immediate reference for the rendering and pronunciation of sentences in every-day use.

Lilian Whiting's "The Adventure Beautiful" (Little, Brown & Co.) is a sympathetic exposition of the teachings of theosophy and the fruits of psychic investigation. It takes its title from Charles Frohman's memorable question: "Why fear death? Death is the most beautiful adventure in life." Its fundamental teaching is that death is simply the withdrawal of the spiritual man, clothed in his ethereal body, from the physical body "as one would withdraw his hand from a glove"; that all intellectual and spiritual activities continue, "that love and prayer keep one closely within the divine leading; that this divine leading and help is absolutely unfailing"; and that we are entering upon an epoch in which direct and personal communication between those in the ethereal and those in the physical worlds will become recognized as a part of normal experience. This volume and others like it attest the increasing eagerness of the quest for evidence to demonstrate the reality of the life unseen.

In "The Little Gods Laugh" Louise Maunsell Field has written a readable story—less cynical than the title would imply—of fashionable life in New York. Nita Wynne, its heroine, is disillusioned at the very moment of her betrothal by learning that her lover is concerned in a successful business deal which has just ruined hundreds of small shareholders, among them two old ladies to whom she is deeply attached, and is thrown by her father's death and the selfishness of her stepmother on her own resources. Developing a talent for house furnishing, she wins distinction in that line. Self-supporting and self-reliant, she is sought in their perplexities by many of her earlier friends, and in the unhappy marriage of two of them her own happiness becomes deeply involved. The inevitable divorcee problem figures in the story, but it is treated with comparative conservatism. Little, Brown & Co.

The adventures of a young Englishman who has spent ten years lumbering in Northern Canada, as he sets out on a quixotic attempt to save his partner from blackmail, make the plot of Harold Blindloss's latest story, "Carmen's Messenger." They include visiting a fine old country house in the North of England, winning the confidence of its charming daughter, encountering private detectives, wandering on Scottish heaths, foregathering with poachers, receiving mysterious warnings from attractive damsels, jumping from railroad trains and tracking suspected characters into abandoned mines, and each is described with the enthusiasm for daring and endurance which has made the writer's books popular. As usual, his tone is so wholesome that it would be ungracious to cavil because his characters are not alive. The lads who follow their fortunes so eagerly—book after book—

doubtless add the touch of imagination that makes them so. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Margaret Widdimer has re-issued her volume, first called "Factories and Other Poems," in a larger form, with new rhymes added, and some changes in the original text. The first edition was reviewed in *THE LIVING AGE*, and the fresh material brings out even more emphatically the verve and force, the tremendous earnestness of the poet. Miss Widdimer is among the foremost of American versifiers when she touches the great passionate realities of life; but when she attempts the light or the tender, she is less successful. A cradle-song in this volume ill compares with the scarlet splendor of "Recompense," "A Message from Italy," and the anguished cry, which now gives its name to the book, "Factories." "The Cloak of Dreams" thrills with lines like these:

They bade me follow fleet
To my brother's work and play,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over
my feet,
Tangling them from the way:

They bade me watch the skies
For a signal dark or light,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my
eyes,
Shutting them fast from sight.

Henry Holt & Co.

Modeled on a long series of religious books, but in itself ethical rather than religious, "Inspiration and Ideals," with a sub-title of "Thoughts for Every Day," gives Grenville Kleiser a chance to preach the gospel of cheerfulness three hundred and sixty-five times a year. The result is a breezy page for every morning, the main thought lettered in startling black, the rest in readable print, the whole well able to rouse ambition and cour-

age for the day's encounter and mastering. One page for each sermonette, the familiar purple cover, the more familiar purple ribbon between the pages, the convenient size, all are emblematic of this type of literature, and the result is invigorating. "Think optimistically"—"Cultivate fine taste"—"He enjoys the sunlight most who walks through crisp morning air and climbs the hill-top": these are some of the black-lettered exordiums with which the preacher of joy begins. The exhortation ranges from advice to drink fresh water in abundance to pleas for meditation on God. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A Canadian rubber factory is the scene of Alan Sullivan's uncommonly effective study of the relations between labor and capital, "The Inner Door," and its owner is a charming girl, luxuriously brought up, who is spending a year abroad before marrying. Her fiancé—his prospects suddenly altered by the failure of his father's investments—undertakes to test his practical fitness for life by going, under an assumed name, to work in the factory. Through the influence of Jacob Sohmer, a mysterious foreigner of large heart and far vision, who is really the central figure of the book, he gradually learns to see the situation from the workingman's point of view, and at the same time, becomes more and more doubtful of being able to induce his betrothed to take the same position. The appearance of an efficiency expert and the consequent "speeding up" precipitate a strike, in spite of Sohmer's counsels, and several personal problems are settled at the same time. The chapters describing Sylvia's experiences at Monte Carlo add variety to a plot which never lags; the characters are clearly individualized; the tone of the book

rings true, and it will give equal pleasure to readers who take it up for relaxation only, and to those who bring to it a more serious purpose. The Century Co.

The volume on "Science and Learning in France," which is published by the Society for American Fellowships in French Universities, is a splendid and timely tribute to the scholars of France by representative scholars of America. The Introduction is contributed by ex-President Eliot of Harvard University and George E. Hale, Foreign Secretary of the National Academy of Sciences, and the general Editor is Professor John H. Wigmore of Northwestern University. The Introduction describes the general intellectual spirit of France and Paris. Following this, there are nearly one hundred special papers, each by a writer familiar with a particular field of scholarship, who reviews the notable achievements of French scholarship and describes the leaders in that field. The departments of anthropology, archæology, astronomy, botany and agriculture, chemistry, criminology, education, engineering, geography, geology, history, law, mathematics, medicine, philology—classical, Romance, Oriental, Semitic and English—philosophy, physics, political science, psychology, religion, sociology, and zoology are thus separately considered; and in an Appendix are given descriptions of educational advantages for American students in France, with a history of recent changes in its University system, a list of the organization and requirements of French institutions of higher learning and practical suggestions to the intending graduate student. The list of sponsors for the book includes more than a thousand names. Numerous portraits add to its value and personal interest.